

No. 1150

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1927

Price 8 Cents

FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES OF BOYS

WEEKLY

WHOMAKE MONEY.

THE LAD FROM 'FRISCO,
OR, PUSHING THE "BIG BONANZA"

BY A. SELLER, JR.

AND OTHER STORIES

THE
BIG BONANZA



"You young rascal, you've euchred me out of my stock!" cried the big Westerner, grabbing Fred by the arm and raising his heavy cane in a threatening manner.

"Sell it back to me at once, or I'll break your head."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1927

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The Lad From 'Frisco

OR, PUSHING THE "BIG BONANZA"

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

CHAPTER I.—The Lad From 'Frisco Saves Broker Manley.

"Look out below! Jump for your life!" yelled a stentorian voice from a window on the third story of a big office building in Wall Street one morning when the business of the financial district was just getting into full swing.

The warning shout was addressed to John Manley, a well-known broker, and one of Wall Street's solid men. The cry was taken up by a score of excited people in the immediate vicinity, and Mr. Manley, waking up from a brown study as he walked along, suddenly became aware that something unusual was transpiring, and that somehow or another he was the chief figure in it.

Before he realized just what was in the wind, a bright-looking boy of eighteen years dashed forward and gave him a tremendous shove that sent him staggering and sliding a couple of yards from the spot to the door of a brokerage house where he slipped and landed almost on his back.

The thud of his body hitting the walk was drowned in a tremendous crash that awoke the echoes of the street, and filled the air with a shower of broken flint-like material and a cloud of dust, a part of which settled over the recumbent figure of the broker, destroying the spick-and-span appearance of the gentleman's clothes and silk hat.

The crash was caused by the fall of a new safe at it was being lifted into the window whence the first warning cry had come. The boy whose presence of mind had saved the broker's life escaped himself by a very narrow margin. Covered with dust, and with one of his ears bleeding from a jagged missile, he ran to Mr. Manley and, seizing him by one of his arms, assisted him on his feet.

"I beg your pardon for treating you so roughly, sir; but under the circumstances I couldn't stand on ceremony," said the boy, in an apologetic tone, as he took out his handkerchief and proceeded to dust the gentleman off as well as he could.

"Why, why—bless my soul!—what has happened?" exclaimed the broker, looking about him in a somewhat dazed way.

"A safe fell from the third story of this building," replied the boy.

"A safe!"

"Yes, and it was a pretty heavy one, too. It's gone through the sidewalk into the sub-cellars. Look at the hole it made."

Mr. Manley looked and gasped.

"Was I under it?"

"Yes, sir. You paid no attention to those danger signs warning passers-by to avoid that part of the sidewalk, and when the man above yelled out you kept right on, so I adopted the only means I could think of on the spur of the moment to save you. It was touch and go for both of us, but we won out."

"My dear boy, you have saved my life," cried the broker, understanding at last the peril he had escaped through the lad's prompt action, grabbing his hand and shaking it. "You have placed me under an obligation I never can repay."

"That's all right, sir. You are welcome to the service."

"You might have been killed yourself."

"I admit I took some chances, but it was a good cause."

Quite a crowd had gathered around the broker and the boy who had saved his life, and many flattering remarks were passed on the young fellow's courage.

"What is your name, my boy?" asked Mr. Manley, still holding his rescuer by the hand.

"Fred Munson."

"My name is Manley. Come with me to my office. It is close by."

Taking the boy by the arm the broker led him out of the crowd just as a police officer came up.

He readily understood from the sight of the safe-mover's truck, the swinging tackle in the air, and the gaping hole in the sidewalk around which a mob had gathered, what had happened, for he had heard the crash half a block away.

He stopped the broker and the lad, who from their appearance seemed to have been within the danger zone, and asked them some questions.

He took their answers down in his note-book, and then allowed them to proceed. Five minutes later the broker was ascending the elevator to his

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office with the boy. Entering his private room he rang for his office-boy and told him to get a whisk-broom and brush his young companion off. After submitting to the same operation himself he told Munson to take a chair beside his desk.

"Are you employed in Wall Street?" he asked.

"No, sir, but I have just connected myself with Wall Street."

"In what capacity?"

"I have opened a small office for myself in the Blizzard Building."

"For what purpose?"

"To speculate in the market."

"You are rather young to do that."

"I've had some experience in 'Frisco."

"Oh, you are from California?"

"I am."

"You've not been East long, then?"

"About three weeks."

"Work for a broker out there?"

"Yes. The firm went out of business and I concluded to come East to see how things were done in Wall Street."

"Born in San Francisco?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your people are living there, I presume?"

"I have a married sister there. My father and mother are dead."

"Your capital is limited, I take it?"

"It is not very large, I admit."

"Will you let me give you a lift in consideration of what you have done for me?"

"No, sir. The service I did for you is one I don't care to accept money for."

"But I must recompense you somehow. You saved my life, and I can't let that favor pass without making you some fitting acknowledgment."

"Your thanks are enough."

"Not at all. I desire to give you something more substantial than that."

The lad from 'Frisco shook his head.

"I won't accept anything."

"You'll accept my friendship, won't you?"

"Yes."

"And if you get into financial difficulties you'll come to me and let me help you out?"

"I hope I won't need to be helped out, sir."

The broker smiled.

"You seem confident of your ability to make your way in Wall Street, but you are likely to find that it is a rocky road to riches. Money can be lost in the market quicker than anywhere else I know of."

"I am aware of the fact," replied the boy, cheerfully.

"Well, if you won't accept anything from me I can't force it on you; but I want you to understand that you have made me your friend for life, and if I can be of help to you in any way whatever I want you to call on me. You never can tell just when you may need a good friend to fall back on. Now remember, I shall expect you to drop in and see me once in a while and let me know how you are getting on. I have been over thirty years in Wall Street, and my advice will often be valuable to you. Before you make any venture of importance come and talk

it over with me and I will give you my opinion of your chances of success. Will you do that?"

"Yes, sir. I shall be glad to have your advice when I feel that I need it."

"Very good. Where are you living?"

"At a boarding-house on West Thirty-second Street."

"Come up to my house next Sunday and take dinner with me. I want to introduce you to my family. They will be anxious to meet you after what has happened."

The broker wrote his home address on a slip of paper and handed it to Fred.

The boy accepted the invitation and then rose to take his leave.

"Good-by, Munson. I'll expect to see you Sunday afternoon about three. We usually dine at four on that day."

"Good-day, sir," replied Fred, bowing himself out of the office.

CHAPTER II.—Fred and the Old Maid.

By the time Fred Munson left Mr. Manley's office half the brokers had heard about the latter's narrow escape from sudden death. It formed the chief topic of conversation in the board-room and elsewhere. No one had any idea who the boy was who saved Mr. Manley's life, but the supposition prevailed that he was some lad connected with the district.

The boy whose identity was a matter of speculation was, in the meanwhile, on his way up to the sixth floor in one of the elevators of the Blizzard Building on Wall Street. Walking along the corridor he stopped in front of a door which bore simply the inscription of "Fred Munson," in capital letters of a size in keeping with the other names on that floor.

He let himself in with a pass-key and seated himself at a desk by a window opening on the central court.

The room was modestly furnished with a rug, a ticker, several chairs, the desk, and a few other things.

The walls were decorated with several pictures, illustrative of California scenery, and numerous small photos of San Francisco's finest buildings, including one of the famous Cliff House, which overlooks the Golden Gate entrance to the bay.

Conspicuously posted on the wall near the door was a large freehand sketch of a mining scene somewhere in the mountains, representing chiefly the buildings connected with mining operations.

Above it, in large letters were the words, "The Big Bonanza."

Fred pulled from his pocket a morning paper that devoted a full page to Wall Street news, including a detailed market report of the preceding day's operations at the stock exchanges, and began to read it attentively.

He was interested particularly in Erie, for a day or two before he had bought 100 shares at 32 5-8, and it had closed the day before at 34 7-8, an advance of a little over two points.

"I guess I'll sell out. I can make \$200 out of that deal, and every \$200 counts," he said to himself. "I've got 50 shares of Illinois Central, too, and that is up 1 3-4 points. If I sell that I'll make \$75 more. A profit of \$275 in three days isn't so bad. My total expenses, living and office, do not exceed \$50 a week. I guess I'll get on in Wall Street. As soon as I make money enough I'll push my Big Bonanza, which is a frost at present, but is a good thing all right. Some day Sam Brannan will be sorry that he sold me the control of the mine for a bagatelle. He thought he was unloading a white elephant on me," chuckled the boy. "These wild and woolly Westerners sometimes overreach themselves, and Brannan certainly made the mistake of his life when he sold me his 50,100 shares for 25 cents a share. It took nearly all the money my father left me to pay for the stock, but I had inside information about the property and I knew I was making a good investment. One of these days I expect to make my fortune out of it. At the last meeting of the company in 'Frisco, just before I left, I had myself elected president in place of Brannan, so there isn't any danger that anybody can do me out of the mine, should anything transpire while I'm East."

Fred turned to the ticker and looked for a quotation about Erie and Illinois Central, for the Exchange had been open for about an hour.

He found that Erie had gone up another half point, and I. C. a quarter of a point.

"That makes me about \$60 better off than I figured on," said Fred. "I'll go over to my broker and tell him to sell both stocks."

He put on his hat, locked up his office and started for the office of Broker Valentine, on Broad Street.

Fred had started in business with a capital of only \$3,000, and it cost him about \$300 to fit up his office and pay a month's rent in advance.

He put \$1,000 margin up on his Erie shares, and \$500 on his Illinois Central, so he had about \$1,000 to fall back on in his office safe.

His "Big Bonanza" shares had cost him \$12,525, three months previous, but as the mine was not considered a paying proposition, the money was practically sunk for the present, and Fred did not count it as available capital.

The boy knew that several of the other stockholders would be glad to get rid of their shares for a quarter a share, and he hoped to be in a position to accommodate them shortly, if the facts that he had learned about the mine did not leak out in the meanwhile and bring about a change of front on their part.

His chief ambition was to secure as much of the stock as he could, and as he walked to his broker's it occurred to him that if he asked his new friend, Broker Manley, for a small loan to accomplish his object, he would probably get it.

"I could put up my 50,100 shares as security for the money," he said to himself, "though I guess he'd lend me the money without security after what I have done for him. I don't want any special favor like that, though. I started out to make my own way unaided and I intend to stick to that principle even if I lose by it. It may be foolish on my part to be so captious on the sub-

ject, but that's the way I'm built, so what's the use of talking? I want to feel in the days to come that my success in life is due wholly to my own efforts. I know I shall take a lot of pride in that fact if I ultimately reach the top of the financial ladder."

When he reached Valentine's office he gave in his selling order.

The ticker showed a further advance of half a point in Erie, which gave him a profit of \$300 in sight on that stock.

I. C. had also gone up 3-8 more, and so he would make an even \$100 on that above all expenses.

Altogether the advance in the market that morning had made him \$125 better off than he had calculated on when he came downtown.

After leaving his broker's he went down to the Curb to see how the mining and other stocks dealt in by the traders there were doing.

There was nothing startling going on, but he overheard a bunch of traders talking about his rescue of Mr. Manley.

They say that listeners never hear any good of themselves, but this instance was an exception, for the brokers spoke in very complimentary terms about his nervy act, quite unconscious that the boy they were talking about was within earshot of their conversation.

That afternoon the newspapers had the story in their columns, and Fred on his way uptown to his boarding-house saw his name and deed in print.

Several of the boarders read the story, too, before they came in to supper, so when Fred appeared he found himself an object of particular interest.

"Was that really you, Mr. Munson, who saved the broker this morning from being crushed by a falling safe?" asked one of the ladies, looking at him sweetly.

Fred modestly admitted that it was really he.

"Why, you're a real hero, aren't you?" she said, and the others expressed the same opinion.

Fred felt somewhat embarrassed at the praise that was showered upon him.

"I don't see how you had the nerve to do it, my dear fellow," said a young Englishman, who was a clerk in a British insurance company downtown.

Fred smiled and went on eating.

"The paper said the safe weighed several tons," said the lady. "Just think of the risk you ran. The gentleman must be very grateful to you indeed for saving his life."

Fred had as little to say on the subject as possible, and was much relieved when one of the boarders started a discussion about the new spring style in ladies' hats, which he declared to be ridiculous.

The ladies present took issue with him, and nothing more was said about the Wall Street sensation while Fred remained at the table.

The boarders knew that Fred was connected in some way with Wall Street, but as he volunteered no information about his business, they did not know in what capacity.

The general opinion was that he was a clerk in some broker's office.

One of the boarders was a prim old maid of uncertain age who lived on an income she got from some gilt-edge stock.

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The money she collected every three months was more than sufficient to meet her frugal wants, and she had accumulated quite a little sum in bank.

She decided to invest it in something that would bring her an additional income, and thinking Fred would be able to advise her she sent the servant to his room that evening asking him to meet her in the parlor.

Wondering what Miss Jones wanted to see him about, the lad from 'Frisco came downstairs and found her seated waiting for him.

"I hope I haven't put you out any by requesting this interview, Mr. Munson," she said apologetically.

"Not at all, Miss Jones," replied Fred, politely. "I am quite at your service."

"I understand that you are employed in Wall Street," she continued.

"No, ma'am, I am not employed there. I have an office of my own."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed in a tone of surprise, for she thought Fred looked very young to be in business for himself. "You are not a broker?"

"No, ma'am; but I do business with brokers."

"You must be a very smart boy to have an office and do business for yourself. I am sure you will be able to advise me how to invest a little money that I have in the bank. It is only drawing four per cent., and I should like to place it where it will earn more."

"I hope you are not thinking of speculating with it, Miss Jones, for if you are, my advice to you is—don't."

"Oh, dear no. I want to invest it in some way that will bring me in more than four per cent.," she replied.

"How much do you wish to invest?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"Well, I would advise you to put it into five per cent. gilt-edge bonds, or a first mortgage on real estate. Or you might buy some stock that is well known to be paying five or six per cent. in dividends."

"Perhaps you would suggest something in the last line that you could recommend as perfectly safe?"

"I'll look the matter up to-morrow and bring you a list of them."

"Thank you, I should be ever so much obliged if you would."

That ended the interview and both left the parlor for their rooms without being aware that they had had an unsuspected listener to their conversation.

The listener in question was a well-dressed young man who had lately come to board at the house. He was a good-looking chap, blessed with a ready tongue and engaging ways, and had already made himself a favorite with the ladies.

"So," he muttered, as he left his seat behind the curtains, "the old maid has two thousand dollars she is anxious to invest. Too bad I didn't know it before she brought the fact to the attention of that Wall Street boy. Well, I must head him off. I must manufacture a few stock certificates and try to sell them to her at a bargain. They must be dividend payers—say two per cent. a quarter. That ought to catch her, for, judging from her

talk, she wants to make all she can. I can buy some blank certificates down on Nassau Street, and a printer will do the rest. I'll tell the old maid that I'm in a financial hole—which won't be a lie—and that I am compelled to sacrifice the stock for ready money. I'll say that the boy told me she wanted to buy some good securities, and I'll manufacture a note from him recommending the ones I'll bring her. I must do this early to-morrow, for the job must be put through before he comes up from Wall Street with his list."

Thus speaking the new boarder went upstairs to his room.

CHAPTER III.—A Mean Swindle.

The new boarder, whose name was Clarence Clark, at least that was the name under which he had introduced himself, appeared at lunch next day, and he waylaid the old maid on her way upstairs.

"May I see you in the parlor a few minutes, Miss Jones?" he said, in his most engaging way.

"Certainly, Mr. Clark," replied the spinster, somewhat flattered by this attention on his part.

They entered the parlor and then the new boarder got down to business.

"I met Mr. Munson in Wall Street this morning," he said, "and asked him to recommend me to a broker, as I wanted to sell some guilt-edge stock I had to dispose of in a hurry, for I am pressed for money to meet a payment on some property I have bought uptown. I showed him my stock and he said, 'Why, this is just what Miss Jones, at our house, ought to buy. She is looking for a first-class investment and I promised to bring her a list of the best securities in the market.' Then he asked me what I wanted for the stock, and I told him I would be willing to sell it a bit under the market price for ready cash. 'Then you'd better take it right up to Miss Jones and tell her I recommend her to buy it,' he said. 'I will,' I said, 'but you'd better give me a line to her so she'll know it's all right.' He agreed to do that and here is his note to you," with that Clarence Clark handed his forge missive to the old maid.

Miss Jones opened the note and read it.

It said that the writer had accidentally met Clarence Clark and learned from him that he had four five-share certificates of the Caledonia Short Line Railway which he was anxious to sell in a hurry at a slightly reduced price.

"I recommend the stock as being the best investment you could make, as it pays a guaranteed quarterly dividend of two per cent.," went on the note. "The market price is 101, and each certificate is therefore worth \$505. Mr. Clark is willing to sell them at par, so that if you buy the four certificates you will make \$20, besides saving the broker's commission, which is an eighth of one per cent. or \$2.50 more. I won't be able to find you a better or safer bargain, so if you want something real good, I advise you to take him up. Yours respectfully,

"Fred Munson."

Miss Jones was much impressed with the opportunity thus presented to her and told the

secretly delighted Clark that she would take the stock if he would sell it at par.

"I will do so if you will buy it at once, for I must have the money right away. If I could wait a couple of days I would not think of selling for less than the full market price," said Clark.

"Then I will go to the bank and get the money," she said.

"If you will permit me I will go with you, as it will save time," he said.

She agreed to this arrangement and hastened upstairs to put on her things.

The new boarder rubbed his hands together and hugged himself.

"She's the easiest mark I ever met. This is just like finding money," he said to himself. "Oh, but won't there be something doing this evening when she tells young Munson and shows him that note? By that time I'll be on my way to Chicago, leaving not a trace behind."

Fifteen minutes later he left the house with Miss Jones.

That afternoon Fred heard that a certain mining stock was being cornered by a clique of Curb operators, and he started out to buy some of it.

He made a tour of the Curb Exchange, but couldn't find any broker who had the stock for sale.

It was clearly very scarce and the price was going up.

He visited the office of a number of traders, but had no better luck.

As a last resort he determined to go over to Jersey City and see if he could get any of the brokers there.

Accordingly he hurried down to the Cortlandt Street ferry.

Just ahead of him at the ticket window he saw a young man that looked like Clarence Clark, the new boarder.

He saw him purchase a ticket for Chicago, a special one entitling him to go by the new limited or eighteen hour train.

Fred wasn't well enough acquainted with the new boarder to care to address him, and the fact that Clark was bound for Chicago did not interest him.

He bought a ferry ticket and went over on the train boat with Clark.

Reaching the other side he proceeded to call on various brokers, and finally found 5,000 shares of Mohawk Consolidated, which was the name of the stock he was after, which he got for forty cents a share, or \$2,000.

Pleased at his success he returned to Wall Street and locked the certificates up in his safe, and then went home, for it was after five o'clock.

He had the list in his pocket to submit to Miss Jones that evening, and he had taken some trouble to look up the best securities the market offered.

None of them could be got at bargain rates, but they all paid a regular dividend of from two to six and a half per cent. annually.

Miss Jones was at the table when he went down to dinner, and she beamed upon him very graciously.

She finished first, and went up to the parlor to wait for him.

In due time he appeared, and they sat down on the sofa.

"I have brought you a list of a number of good stocks and bonds in which you could invest your \$2,000 to better advantage than in a savings bank," said Fred, taking out his pocketbook.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Munson, but I took up Mr. Clark's offer and bought the four certificates which you recommended so highly," she answered.

Fred looked astonished.

"I don't understand you, Miss Jones," replied Fred, in a puzzled tone.

The old maid regarded him with some surprise.

"I refer to the certificates of the Caledonia Short Line Railway," she said.

"Well?" said Fred, interrogatively.

"You told Mr. Clarence Clark, our new boarder, who was anxious to sell the stock, to bring them to me, as I was looking for a good investment for my \$2,000. You gave him a note to hand to me, in which you explained how they were a bargain at par, and advised me to buy them, for you said I wouldn't be able to find a better or safer investment," replied the spinster.

Fred listened to her statement in not a little amazement.

"I really don't know what you mean, Miss Jones. I never sent Mr. Clark to you, either with or without a note," he answered.

"You didn't!" she almost screamed. "Why, he said he met you in Wall Street this morning and spoke to you about the Caledonia stock which he wanted to sell."

"If he told you that, he told you an untruth. I did not meet him in Wall Street this morning or at any other time."

"Why, Mr. Munson, how can you say that when I have your note in my pocket?"

"Will you kindly let me see the note?"

Miss Jones produced it and handed it to him.

Fred glanced over it.

"I never wrote that, Miss Jones, though I see my name is signed to it."

"You did not write it?"

"I did not."

The lady gasped.

"Then who did?"

"I couldn't tell you. As you say you got that from Mr. Clark, he is the person you should demand an explanation of."

The old maid looked at Fred as if she doubted his words.

"Didn't you tell Mr. Clark to bring those four certificates of Caledonia Short Line Railway stock to me?"

"I did not."

"How could he know that I wanted to invest \$2,000 in some stock or bonds if you didn't tell him? I never told any one about the matter but you."

"I am sure I couldn't tell you, Miss Jones."

The lady began to suspect that something was wrong, and she grew nervous and excited.

"You positively deny that you wrote that note?"

"I do. I have not spoken half a dozen words to Mr. Clark since he came here to board. If I saw him in Wall Street, which I did not, I would not

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speak to him, as I do not consider myself well enough acquainted with him for that. Of course, it would be different if he addressed me first."

"I don't understand how he knew that I wanted to buy \$2,000 worth of stock. This thing seems to be very singular. I shall have to bring him in here and see what he has to say about the matter. He was not at the table, but he may be there now, or in his room," said the spinster, rising, intending to bring Clark and Munson face to face, and have the question of veracity settled at once.

"I think Mr. Clark has left the house, Miss Jones," said Fred.

"Left the house! What do you mean?"

"Unless I am much mistaken he is at this moment on his way to Chicago over the Pennsylvania road."

"How do you know?" she asked sharply.

"While on my way to Jersey City this afternoon I saw him at the ferry-house buying a special ticket for the limited express."

"I will ask Mrs. Adams if he has left the house," said the maiden lady, hurrying out of the room in a great flusteration.

She returned more excited than ever.

"Mrs. Adams says she has left. He told her he was going to Washington on important business, but would be back in a day or two."

"He must have changed his arrangements, for I certainly saw him buy a ticket for Chicago."

"Well, maybe it's all right. I've got the four certificates at any rate."

"Then you bought the stock he offered you?"

"I did, on the strength of the note with your name to it."

Fred began to suspect there was something wrong in the transaction when it was put through with the aid of a note that was undoubtedly a forgery.

"You said that you bought four certificates of stock from him?"

"Yes."

"How many shares did they represent?"

"Twenty."

"And how much did you pay him for them?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"One hundred dollars a share. It must be pretty fair stock that commands its full value. What do you say the name of the road is?"

"The Caledonia Short Line Railway."

"I am not familiar with it. Is it a dividend payer?"

"It pays a guaranteed dividend of two per cent. a quarter."

Fred felt like whistling.

It struck him that the stock of a company able to guarantee \$8 a year dividend on each share ought to command a higher price than par in the market.

He pulled out of his pocket a copy of that day's market report, and looked for the Caledonia Short Line Railway, but there was no mention of it in the list.

"Your stock is not in to-day's list, Miss Jones, which is a sign that it was not dealt in at the Exchange. Will you let me see one of the certificates?"

"Certainly."

The old maid went upstairs and brought down

the bunch. The moment Fred looked at them he was satisfied that they were bogus shares, and could only have been worked off on a confiding person.

They were common stock lithographs, sold usually to stock companies that did not wish to incur the expense of getting up special ones.

There were blanks left to be filled in by a printer to suit the purchaser.

The four certificates, purporting to represent five shares each in the Caledonia Short Line Railway, which Miss Jones had bought, were filled out with the name of the company in large, fancy type, and the shares in imitation of typewriter, while the names of the officers were clearly the work of one penman, in varied styles to represent three different signatures.

"I am sorry to tell you, Miss Jones, that these shares appear to be bogus ones—of no value whatever. I don't believe there is such a railroad in existence as the Caledonia Short Line. So far as I can judge. I should say that you have been most outrageously swindled by the new boarder. He has taken your money for stock that, in my opinion, is not worth the paper it is printed on, and that accounts for his sudden departure from town. He has not gone to Washington, but to Chicago, and he does not mean to come back."

The maiden lady listened with staring eyes to Fred's words, and when he had finished she uttered a loud shriek and fainted.

CHAPTER IV.—Fred Puts a Spoke in a Swindler's Wheel.

Fred caught the old maid as she was slipping to the carpet and laid her on the sofa.

The spinster's shriek had aroused the house.

Mrs. Adams, the landlady, came running up from the basement in great trepidation, fearing that the house was on fire, and the boarders all came out on their landings to find out the cause of the disturbance.

As the cry was not repeated they felt somewhat reassured, but instead of returning to their rooms they gathered in groups and discussed the strange occurrence, glancing over the belusters, yet not venturing to descend.

Fred met Mrs. Adams at the parlor door.

"What has happened?" she palpitated.

"Miss Jones has fainted. You'd better look after her," replied Fred.

"Fainted! My gracious! How came she to do that?"

"The shock at discovering she had been the victim of a confidence man caused it."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Munson?"

"I mean that Miss Jones has been swindled out of \$2,000 by that new boarder of yours, Clarence Clark, who has skipped out to Chicago this afternoon to avoid the consequences of his duplicity."

"Good gracious!" cried the landlady, rushing into the parlor and looking at the unconscious maiden lady.

Then she rushed out again, went to the head

of the basement stairs and called to her house-maid, who happened to be eating her supper in the dining-room with the cook. The maid came running up in a hurry, for both she and the cook had heard the scream, too, and wondered what it all meant.

"Go to my room and bring down my smelling-bottle," said the landlady, and the maid hastened to obey.

While waiting for it Mrs. Adams interrogated the lad from 'Frisco further.

"Were you with her when she screamed and fainted?"

"Yes, ma'am. She showed me the certificates, and the moment I looked them over I felt satisfied that she had been taken in."

"And you say that it was Mr. Clark who swindled her?"

"According to her story it was he who sold her the bogus railroad stock."

"I am amazed! Such a nice young man as he appeared to be. We all liked him. The boarders will hardly believe it of him."

"Those kind of fellows are nice as pie. Look as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouth. It's part of their business in order to gain the confidence of the people they select for their dupes."

"You say he swindled her out of \$2,000?"

"So she told me."

"Why, that's a small fortune. I don't wonder she fainted. Dear, dear, she's such a nice lady. I feel real sorry for her. Can't something be done to arrest that man and recover her money?"

"Yes, ma'am. By the greatest luck I saw him at the Pennsylvania ferry-house this afternoon buying a ticket for the limited express to Chicago. He's on that train now. It ought to be easy to cause his arrest by telegraph before the train reaches Chicago. The train hasn't got to Pittsburgh yet. A despatch to Police Headquarters of that city ought to nail him."

"Then you'd better run out and send it."

"As soon as you bring Miss Jones to her senses she can dress herself and I'll take her right down to Police Headquarters. After hearing her story the man in charge will attend to the matter much more effectively than I could."

The return of the maid with the smelling-bottle interrupted further conversation between the landlady and Fred. The spinster was brought around in a few minutes, and then became hysterical over her loss. Mrs. Adams, however, calmed her sufficiently to explain what Fred Munson had suggested as the proper course to pursue.

"Do you think he can be arrested and my money recovered?" cried Miss Jones to Fred.

"I do. And I advise you to lose no time. I am ready to help you out as far as I can. Get ready and go with me to Mulberry Street, and we will set the ball rolling at once. If he can be arrested at Pittsburgh, so much the better. Your money will undoubtedly be found on him, and you will get it back."

Greatly encouraged by Fred's cheerful suggestion, Miss Jones hurried upstairs to put on her things, paying no attention to the lady boarders who were still canvassing the cause of the excitement. Inside of ten minutes she came down and she and Fred went away together. At Police Headquarters she told her story, and exhibited

the note which Fred pronounced a rank forgery. He also asserted that the railway certificates were worthless, and explained how Clarence Clark had doubtless worked the game. Miss Jones requested Clark's arrest as a swindler, and said her \$2,000 would surely be found on his person.

A telegraph order for Clark's arrest, containing an accurate description of his personal appearance, and word that he would be found on the limited express, was sent at once to the police at Pittsburg. Fred then escorted the old maid back to the boarding-house. Long before that the lady boarders had learned the facts from the landlady, and they were staggered at the charge brought against the good-looking and polite new boarder, who had established himself as a favorite in the house. On his way downtown in the morning Fred called at Police Headquarters and learned that Clarence Clark had been arrested when the Limited reached Pittsburg, and that the money had been found on him. Extradition papers would be applied for to bring him from Pennsylvania to New York City, unless he waived service and consented to come voluntarily. Fred sent word to Miss Jones by messenger, and a detective from Headquarters subsequently called on her to take her before a magistrate to swear out a warrant against Clark, which would be sent with other papers to the governor in case that course was necessary. The boy from 'Frisco was now interested in the Curb market, where Mohawk Consolidated was dealt in.

The price of the stock went to 50 cents that day, which made his shares worth \$500 more than he paid for them. Next day was a short day, the exchanges closing promptly at noon. During the two hours that the Curb Exchange was open, Mohawk Con. advanced ten cents a share more, adding another \$500 to the value of the boy's holdings.

On Sunday afternoon he dressed himself with extra care to fill his dinner engagement at Broker Manley's home. He was cordially received by the broker, and introduced to his wife and two daughters, whom he found to be mighty fine looking girls—one seventeen and the other nineteen. He was particularly struck with the younger, who was vivacious and entertaining, and she seemed quite taken with him. Mrs. Manley and the young ladies couldn't do enough for him to express the gratitude they felt toward him for saving the life of husband and father. He was the honored guest at dinner, and after that spent a very pleasant evening with his new friends.

He found an opportunity before he left to speak to Mr. Manley about his "Big Bonanza" mine. While the broker knew nothing about the merits of the property, he readily accepted Fred's estimate of its worth and agreed to loan him the money he wanted to purchase whatever shares were for sale at a price that Fred was willing to pay for them. He refused to accept any security until Fred made it clear to him that he would not accept the loan unless he took his controlling interest in the mine as collateral. He finally agreed to do it without investigating the value of it, for he was only too anxious to do the boy a favor. Next day Fred wrote to San Francisco, authorizing his brother-in-law to buy every share of the "Big Bonanza" that could be got at 25 cents. On Tuesday he learned that Clarence

Clark refused to come on to New York, so that the necessary papers would have to be secured to bring him on. Mohawk Con. closed that day at 85 cents, making Fred's profit in sight \$2,500, which was very satisfactory to him. Having \$1,000 still idle, he bought 50 shares of B. & O. at 115½, as the market, from all indications, seemed to show an upward tendency. His anticipations were not disappointed as the stock went to 117½ next day, while Mohawk continued its upward trend to 90 cents. Quick sales and small profits being Fred's motto where he was not sure of his ground, he got rid of his B. & O. when next day's quotations showed a rise of only ½ of a point, and he made just \$50 on that deal.

He held on to Mohawk Consolidated because it was not a margin deal and he could afford to take more of a risk, particularly as everything pointed to higher figures. Nothing of importance transpired in the regular stock market for a week after that, but Mohawk Con. went to \$1.25.

From what he heard and read in the papers he concluded it would be wise to sell the stock, so he did, clearing \$4,250 on the deal. He had now been in Wall Street about two months and his capital had increased to something over \$7,000.

This was a very satisfactory showing, and he felt that he had no kick coming.

CHAPTER V.—Fred Nails a Crook.

Two weeks passed and Fred did absolutely nothing in the speculative line. The second Saturday being a rainy and disagreeable day he decided to take his lunch in a restaurant at the rear of the building on Pine Street and spend the afternoon in his office studying up the Western mining outlook from newspapers he had received by mail during the week in connection with the latest reports from the Goldfield and other markets. At one o'clock most of the offices in the building were deserted, as few of the clerks remained after that hour. Time went by and half-past four came before Fred grew tired of his occupation.

"It doesn't rain very much now. I guess I'll go home," he said, throwing himself back in his chair and raising his arms above his head to stretch them.

He got up, walked up and down his room a few times, then closed his desk, saw that his safe was locked, and put on his coat and hat. At that moment he heard a crash of glass somewhere out in the corridor, followed by a cry that seemed to have been suddenly chocked off.

"I wonder what that was?" he said, opening his door and listening.

He heard nothing more, and came to the conclusion that one of the janitor's assistants in cleaning up had broken a window and cut himself.

He locked up and started for the single elevator that was in commission on Saturday afternoons till five o'clock. As he passed the private room door of a well-known Wall Street money-lender he heard a muffled cry of "Help!" He stopped and listened again.

"There's something wrong somewhere," he breathed. "That was plainly a cry for help, and it seemed to come from that office. He stepped to the public door of the money-lender's office and tried the handle. The door was not locked and he opened it and looked in. There was no one in the office.

"Funny that the door is open and no one here, unless the janitor is in the private room and some accident has happened to him that caused him to utter the cry I heard. I guess it's my duty to see if anything is wrong in there. In any case, no harm will be done."

He stepped inside and then saw that the glass in the private room door was broken.

"That must have been the crash I heard in my office," he said to himself.

He walked over to the door which was shut and looked in through the fractured pane. What he saw almost took his breath away. On the floor lay the insensible form of the money-lender, whom Fred knew by sight, and bending over him was a tall, dark-featured man in the act of taking a big package of money from the unconscious man's pocket.

Fred was so startled that he could not repress an exclamation, and the sound, slight as it was, caused the thief to look up. Seeing the boy looking in at him he uttered a deep imprecation and started on his feet.

"What are you doing there, you young imp?" he hissed.

"I think the question to himself," replied Fred, coolly. "What are you doing in that office?"

The man glared at him.

"Mr. Mooney has been taken ill with a fit, and I was trying to bring him to. You had better go for a doctor," he said.

Fred believed he was lying, for everything pointed to that conclusion.

"Is that the way to bring a man to by taking a package of money from his pocket and putting it in your own?" asked the lad from 'Frisco.

"I am his friend and am taking charge of it for him," was the man's reply after a momentary hesitation.

"Why don't you get some water and throw it in his face, and chafe his temples, or something of that sort?" asked Fred.

"You'd better go for a doctor if you know where to find one, or get somebody in the building to send for an ambulance."

Fred judged that the man wanted to get rid of him so that he could make his escape.

The boy decided that he shouldn't get away if he really was a thief. He determined to go as far as the elevator, bring up the man in charge, tell him how things stood in the money-lender's office, and ask him to bring up the janitor to investigate the situation.

"All right," he said. "I'll get somebody to ring up an ambulance."

He turned and walked toward the door. Seeing a key in the lock he thought he'd lock the man in the office, and then he wouldn't be able to get away without the glass making a disturbance that would clearly show what he was. The man was evidently suspicious of his readiness to attend to the ambulance, for he opened the private room door and followed him. When he saw Fred

take the key out of the lock he knew right away that the boy had some motive in view.

He rushed at him and grabbed him by the arm.

"What are you up to?" he demanded. "Give me that key."

He tore it from Fred's fingers, pushed the lad away and locked the door on the inside.

"I was right on to your little game," he said, menacingly. "You intended to lock me in here. Then you meant to go for the janitor or somebody else and have this little incident investigated. I could see it in your face; but I'm not so easily caught as that. You've butted in here and I'm going to fix you."

He advanced on Fred. The young speculator, who recognized his real character now, retreated toward the tall desk used by Mr. Mooney's book-keeper. The man followed him up. Fred seized the high stool and shoved it at the rascal. The fellow avoided the thrust, then made a spring and grabbed the stool. He tried to wrest it from the boy's hand, but Fred had wrists of steel and the attempt was a failure.

"Let go that stool, you young imp!" he cried angrily.

"Do you take me for a fool?" replied Fred, coolly.

The rascal made another effort, with no better result than before. Finding that the boy was keeping him at arm's reach, he adopted different tactics. Pushing the foot of the stool aside he tried to close with the 'Frisco lad. Fred met him by showing the side of the stool in his chest with force enough to make him grunt. The rascal, however, was worked up into a desperate state of mind, for he heard that the janitor's assistant might come to the door at any moment, and in that case he expected that the boy would shout for help, and the janitor, finding the door locked on the inside, would naturally suspect that there was something wrong inside. It was necessary, therefore, for his safety, to bring the contest to a quick conclusion. He intended to do the boy up as he had done the money-lender, then finish his work in the private room and make his escape.

Throwing his arms around the stool he grabbed Fred by the two arms and dragged the boy clear of the desk. Then he endeavored to trip him up. Fred was too active on his feet for him to succeed. Letting go of the stool the boy let it drop between them and seized the man's arms. They soon struggled clear of the stool, and the fellow tried to catch Fred by the throat. The young speculator grabbed that arm by the wrist, at the same time ducking his head and butting the rascal on the end of the chin. The shock disconcerted him so much that his grip on Fred's other arm relaxed. The boy took instant advantage of the opening by putting out one foot and swinging the man around. The fellow lost his balance and both went down on the floor, Fred on top. It happened that the round top of the stool lay in the way, and the rascal's head came in contact with it. The blow dazed him so that Fred had things his own way, and he hastened to complete the good work by smashing the rascal on the jaw and under the ear till he lay semi-unconscious on the floor.

"Now to secure him before he revives," muttered the boy.

He rolled the fellow over on his face and felt in his hip pocket for his handkerchief. Instead of a handkerchief the crook had a bulldog revolver in it. Fred pulled it out and laid it on the carpet. He knew that he had the rascal dead to rights now. Taking out his own handkerchief he bound the man's wrists together behind his back. Picking up the revolver, he ran to the door, unlocked and opened it, and hastened to the elevator. By this time the elevator man had finished his work and gone home, but Fred thought he might find one of the janitors somewhere around. Not seeing any signs of anybody about, he shouted down the elevator. In a few minutes one of the janitors started up in a rage, supposing that a belated tenant wanted to get down.

"Come with me," said Fred, excitedly. "Mr. Mooney, the money-lender, has been knocked out and robbed by a crook, and I have caught the rascal."

"The dickens!" exclaimed the astonished assistant, hardly believing his ears.

Fred pulled him along by the arm till they reached Mooney's office. The first thing the janitor saw was the crook stretched out on the floor.

"That's the scoundrel," said the young speculator. "I had quite a tussle with him before I got the best of him. Now, look into the private room."

The janitor did, and beheld the unconscious money-lender lying white and motionless on the rug in front of his safe.

"How in thunder did this thing happen?" he asked.

"Don't ask me. He was done up before I got here. I heard a crash of glass. You see the upper part of the door here is broken. That first attracted my attention as I was leaving my office. Then finding the outer door of this office unlocked I walked in to see if anything was wrong here. I saw that rascal stooping over Mr. Mooney and taking a package of money from his inside pocket. That was enough to show that there was crooked work going on. Before I could draw back the fellow caught sight of me, and following me to the door, nabbed me before I could get out. We had it hot for a while until I managed to trip him up. He hit his head on the stool and that put him in my power."

"I'll run down and notify the head janitor."

"Wait a while. I'm going to telephone for an ambulance and the police," replied Fred. "Keep your eye on that crook while I'm engaged."

There was a telephone on the money-lender's desk, and Fred went to it. He first called up the nearest hospital and asked that an ambulance be sent right away to the Blizzard Building; then he communicated with the First Precinct police station, and hurriedly explained what had happened. He was told that a patrol-wagon and a couple of officers would be sent right away to take charge of the prisoner. That was all Fred could do, so he let the janitor go to notify his superior and bring him on the scene.

CHAPTER VI.—Fred Makes a New Friend

As the janitor's assistant left his office the crook regained his senses. When he found his hands bound, and saw Fred standing guard over

him with his own revolver in his hand, he was furious.

"You'll regret this, young fellow," he hissed.

"I don't expect to," returned the boy, in a cheerful tone.

"Better let me go or you'll wish you had."

"I'll take the chances. I've telephoned for the police and a couple of officers will be here shortly to take charge of you."

The rascal swore roundly and threatened to get square with his young captor if it took him years to do so, but his words had no effect at all on the plucky boy.

"Better save your breath, Mister Man, for you can't intimidate me worth a cent. You've committed a crime that'll send you up the river for a good many years."

"If I am I'll get out some time, and I won't forget you, I promise you," said the rascal, menacingly.

"I'm not afraid of what you can do."

"I've got friends, too, who will pickle you in the meanwhile."

"They'd better look out that they don't pickle themselves. I can take care of myself."

At that moment the head janitor appeared with his assistant.

"I suppose your man has told you in a general way what has happened," said Fred to the janitor.

"Yes. Is this the fellow who is responsible for the trouble?"

"Locks that way, doesn't it? You see I've got his hands tied."

"How did you capture him? He's bigger and heavier than you."

"By being quicker on my feet than he was. It isn't weight that always tells. Agility counts for a whole lot."

The janitor looked into the private room and saw the money-lender lying there.

"You've 'phoned for an ambulance, haven't you?" he said.

"Yes. I think your assistant had better go down to the door and look out for it, as well as the policemen who are on their way here," said Fred.

The janitor immediately directed his man to attend to the matter. Ten minutes later the policemen were brought up the elevator and they walked into the office. Fred gave them the particulars in a few words.

"Have you sent for an ambulance?" asked one of the officers.

"I have. It ought to be here soon."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the janitor's assistant came in with the young surgeon. He began work over the money-lender at once.

"He's been choked into insensibility," he announced. "I'll have him around presently."

He was as good as his word, for in ten minutes Mr. Mooney recovered his senses. He was placed on a chair, and as soon as he was able to speak the crook was brought before him.

"Is this the man who assaulted you?" one of the policemen asked.

"He is the man. How did you catch him?"

asked the money-lender, speaking with considerable difficulty.

"Ask that boy," replied the officer.

Mr. Mooney looked inquiringly at Fred. The lad from 'Frisco at once explained all that had taken place from the moment he heard the crash of glass and the smotherer cry for help.

"You're a plucky young man," said Mr. Mooney. "What's your name?"

"Fred Munson."

"Who do you work for on this floor?"

"Nobody. I have an office of my own—No. 650."

The money-lender looked a bit surprised.

"Your face is familiar to me. I thought you were connected with one of the offices as messenger or clerk. Well, I am very grateful to you for your timely aid. You say that rascal robbed me of a package of money," and he felt of his inside pocket, finding the package missing.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you searched him, officers?" asked Mr. Mooney.

"No. We'll do that at the station."

"Better make sure now that he has the money. It's a large sum that I was about to put in the safe when that fellow came in and attacked me."

One of the policemen put his hand in the prisoner's pockets and soon brought the package to light. The money-lender identified it.

"There is \$5,000 there," he said. "You've saved that to me, young man," he added, turning to Fred, "and I won't forget the service."

"How do you feel now?" asked one of the officers. "Are you able to accompany us and make the charge against this fellow?"

"Yes, I'll go with you. I'm all right now, thanks to the surgeon."

He put his hand in his pocket and handed the sawbones a \$5 bill.

Then he got up, reached for his hat and announced his readiness to go.

"You'd better come along, too, young man," said the policeman to Fred.

"All right," answered the boy.

All hands went to the police station in the patrol-wagon, and the crook was lined up before the desk. Mr. Mooney made the charge of assault and robbery, and told what the man had done to him. Fred added his story. The crook had nothing to say, so his pedigree was taken down and he was locked up to await subsequent transportation to the Tombs. Mr. Mooney and Fred were told to appear at the Tombs Police Courts in the morning.

"Does the magistrate hold court on Sunday?" asked the boy.

He was told that a morning session was always held to dispose of the petty cases, and a prisoner charged with a graver crime was also brought up for examination, which he could waive if he thought best, or have postponed.

If he faced the charge and was held it would give him a chance to get out on bail. Mr. Mooney and Fred promised to be on hand, and left the station together.

"You have placed me under great obligations, Munson," said the money-lender when they

reached the sidewalk. "Only for you I might have laid some time in my office uncared for, and the scoundrel would have escaped with that package of money. The chances are he'd have left town in a hurry with his booty, and I never would have recovered the money."

"It is lucky I remained in my office this afternoon," replied Fred. "It is the first time I've done so, and was chiefly on account of the weather."

"It is indeed. What business are you in?"

"I'm a speculator in the market."

"You are quite young for that," replied Mr. Mooney, somewhat surprised. "You must have money."

"I have a little."

"At least you seem able to afford the luxury of an office all to yourself. I am acquainted with a great many small speculators, but none of them have an office of their own. They make their headquarters at their broker's. You live in the city, I presume?"

"Yes, I board uptown."

"With your parents?"

"No. I'm in New York alone. All my people, except a married sister, are dead. I'm from San Francisco. I was born and brought up there. This is my first visit East and I haven't been three months in the city."

"It seems to me that you are rather an unusual kind of boy."

"In what way?" smiled Fred.

"You appear to be uncommonly self-reliant. Then no one can question your pluck after what you did in my office. How you managed to capture that rascal is a matter of surprise to me, for he is larger and stronger than you. Few boys would care to tackle such a proposition alone as you did. You had good nerve."

"Oh, I was not afraid of him. As soon as I realized that he was a crook I made up my mind that he shouldn't escape with your money if I could prevent him."

"Well, you shall lose nothing by it," replied Mr. Mooney.

"I don't imagine I will," replied Fred, mistaking his meaning. "The rascal threatened me with his vengeance when he got out of prison, and he also said his friends would fix me in the meanwhile; but it didn't do him any good. He couldn't scare me into letting him go."

"You're not the kind of boy to be easily intimidated, I guess," smiled the money-lender, who was quite taken with the lad.

"No, I don't think I am. One night a year ago I was held up on Powell Street, in 'Frisco, about one o'clock as I was returning home to my sister's house from a party I had attended. The fellow looked like a hard case, and drew a gun on me. I called his bluff and dared him to fire. I took something of a risk, I know, but I figured that it wouldn't pay him to shoot a boy. I sized him up right. He put the revolver back in his pocket and tried to down me with a blow from his fist. I dodged and landed one myself on his jaw. What the result might have been I can't say, but a policeman hove in sight, and the chap, seeing him coming, skipped as fast as he could."

Fred told the story in an off-hand way, without any effort to blow his own horn, and it further impressed Mr. Mooney with the boy's cour-

age. He saw that the lad was naturally nervy, and that it would take something out of the common to make him take water. They walked to the Sixth Avenue elevated road together and took a car uptown. Fred got out at the Thirty-third Street station and reached his boarding-house just as the boarders were finishing their dinner. The late edition of the evening papers had the story of the Wall Street crime, and once more Fred Munson's name figured as the hero of a stirring incident.

CHAPTER VII.—Fred in the Limelight Again.

Fred dined in company with the landlady that evening, and before he was done the housemaid, who was called to the front door by a ring at the bell, came down and told him there was a young man in the parlor who wanted to see him.

"Who is he? Did he give his name?"

"No, but he said he was a reporter."

Fred laughed, for he knew some newspaper had sent a representative to interview him about the Wall Street incident.

"Have you been making a hero of yourself again, Mr. Munson?" asked the landlady with a smile.

"I figured in an affair this afternoon that is likely to get my name in the papers once more," replied Fred.

"Indeed! What did you do?"

"Oh, I captured a crook in our building."

"Is it possible! What was the man doing?"

"He knocked out one of the tenants on the floor where my office is, and was in the act of robbing him when I came upon him. We had something of a scrap, and I managed, by good luck, to floor him, and put him out of business. Then I called in the police and gave him into custody. That's the whole story."

"What a boy you are!" ejaculated the landlady. "You've only been in New York a little over two months and have twice distinguished yourself in a way to attract the attention of the newspapers, not to speak of helping Miss Jones to recover her money from that swindler. Upon my word, I feel honored to have you in my house."

"I hope you won't go around blowing about me, Mrs. Adams. I don't want the other boarders to think you regard me as the star boarder here. They might feel jealous," laughed Fred, rising from the table.

"No fear of that, Mr. Munson," replied the landlady. "You are quite a favorite with the ladies, while the gentlemen all speak well of you."

"I am sure I am much obliged to them for the good opinion they have of me. I didn't know before that I had made such a favorable impression."

Thus speaking the boy left the room and went up to the parlor where he found the reporter patiently waiting for him. The newspaper man introduced himself, and asked Fred for the full particulars of the Wall Street affair. He got it, thanked Fred, and went away. When the lad from 'Frisco made his appearance at breakfast next morning he saw right away that the boarders knew all about his latest exploit. He was

immediately bombarded with questions and compliments. He took his honors as meekly as he could, answering all questions politely, but volunteering no information. The story was in all the papers, but the one whose reporter had interviewed him had the longest and most correct one.

Soon after the meal he started for the Tombs Police Court. He found Mr. Mooney there ahead of him and joined him.

When the prisoner, who gave his name as Jud Parker, was called to the bar, a lawyer stood up and said that he had been hired to look after his interests. He waived examination, and his client was remanded for action of the Grand Jury. He asked that a bail figure be set, and the magistrate made it \$2,500.

There was nothing for Mr. Mooney and Fred to do after that, so they left the court together without waiting to learn whether the prisoner was bailed out or not. Next morning Fred, who had been watching both the Stock Exchange and Curb markets closely, as it was his interest to do, decided that L. & M. looked pretty good to take a chance on. Accordingly he visited Broker Manley, with whom he had made arrangements to act regularly as his broker, and gave him an order to buy 500 shares of L. & M. The stock was then ruling at 105, and Mr. Manley got it at that figure. Half an hour later several thousand shares of it changed hands at 105 $\frac{1}{4}$. During the week the stock fluctuated up and down, but the general trend was upward, and on Saturday morning Fred decided that he would close out and take the small profit that was in sight, which would amount to quite a sum for him as he had 500 shares.

He dropped into Mr. Manley's office and told the broker to sell his shares. The trader did so, getting 106 $\frac{3}{4}$, which gave Fred a clear profit of \$750. That was a pretty good week's work, and the boy was well satisfied. At noon he received a letter from his brother-in-law stating that he had purchased 20,000 shares of "Big Bonanza" stock for 25 cents a share, from different stock-holders, and had advanced ten per cent. of the money on a thirty-day option. He requested Fred to send him a draft for \$5,000 within three weeks to complete the deals.

On Monday the lad from 'Frisco called on Broker Manley with his certificates representing this controlling interest in the "Big Bonanza," and asked him for the sum of \$5,000. The trader gave him his check for that amount at once and took his note, payable in six months, which he placed with the certificates in an envelope and deposited them in his private safe.

"If it is not convenient for you to take the note up when it is due, Munson, I'll renew it," he said. "If you should desire to pay it before the time limit you may do so at any time it suits you. If you want any more money I'll let you have it at any time."

"Thank you, sir. I am much obliged to you for your kindness," replied Fred.

"Don't mention it. The obligation is all on my side. You know that I will do any favor in reason for you, and be glad of the chance."

"Yes, sir; but I prefer not to look for favors if I can help it," replied the boy.

"I admire your self-reliance, Munson; but

don't let it stand in the way of any chance to better yourself."

That closed the interview, and Fred left.

Mr. Mooney had called on Fred twice during the preceding week and endeavored to reward him for the service the boy had rendered him, but Fred positively refused to accept any pecuniary present.

"Your friendship is all I need, Mr. Mooney," he replied. "If I should ever require any financial assistance I will call on you, but in that case I shall offer you security the same as any of your customers."

"I don't require any security from you, Munson."

"Maybe not. I am aware you feel grateful to me for what I have done for you. Just the same I would prefer to do business in a business way. I have started out on that principle, and I hope to be able to keep it up. It makes a fellow feel more independent. I believe that every tub ought to rest on its own bottom."

"A very excellent idea," nodded the money-lender; "but it can't always be carried out in practice. As you grow older you will find that business is conducted largely on a wheel within a wheel principle. Few men are actually as independent of their fellow men as they may imagine. If business had to be conducted on a spot cash method there wouldn't be near enough money to go around, not speaking of the inconvenience that would result from such a condition of affairs. Half the business of the world, perhaps more, is carried on on credit. The reason why some people are able to conduct such large enterprises is because the securities on which they borrow moneys are largely inflated in value. Squeeze the 'water' out of some of them and they would look like living skeletons attired in the clothes of a Flagstaff."

Fred agreed with him, and it set him thinking about his "Big Bonanza" shares.

They were now barely worth 25 cents a share. When the real prospects of the mine began to come out he knew that speculators would be eager to buy the stock at a much higher figure—perhaps a dollar or more. It would be the same enable the holder to raise more money on it.

As soon as he had paid for the 20,000 shares his brother-in-law had bought for him he would control 70,000 shares. On their market value of \$17,500 he could perhaps raise at an ordinary money-lender's fifty per cent. of their value, or about \$9,000.

If the same shares advanced to \$1 a share, as he figured they were sure to do before long, their borrowing value would be advanced to \$35,000 at least, if not more, and that represented twice as much as he had paid for the stock.

That showed him how some capitalists made enormous fortunes out of the rise of securities, without a whole lot of effort on their part. The money-lender admired the boy more than ever on account of his sterling business principles, and only regretted that he saw no way to reward Fred for what the lad had done for him. In the meantime Clarence Clark, the confidence man, had been brought on from Pittsburg and held for the Grand Jury.

An indictment was found against him, and he was put on trial. Knowing that the evidence

would convict him, Clark offered to plead guilty, and thus save the county the expense of a trial if he was let down easy. He was told that the judge would probably give him a lighter sentence. So when he was brought before the bar, Miss Jones, Fred Munson, and an expert to prove that the stock was bogus being in court ready to testify, he pleaded guilty, and it was accepted and recorded against him. He was sentenced at once to four years at Sing Sing, and were many hours was on the road to the State prison. Miss Jones then got her money back, and could not thank Fred enough for helping her out in the matter.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Discovery in the "Big Bonanza."

Fred sent a draft to his brother-in-law for \$5,000, and in due time received from him by express a number of "Big Bonanza" certificates representing 20,000 shares of the stock. The purchase of these additional shares by the boy rather surprised the secretary of the company.

He wondered what Fred Munson saw in the mine to get in so deep. Being a particular friend of Sam Brannan's, he mentioned the fact to him when he met the big Westerner on California Street in front of the Stock Exchange one day.

"There haven't been any developments at the mine or I should have heard of them," said the secretary. "Besides, you wouldn't have sold your stock and stepped down and out if you thought there was any prospect of the mine panning out."

"I should say not. I was on the ground for a month and investigated the mine thoroughly with the man who is in charge, and in my opinion there is nothing in it. It's been a disappointment from the start. That's why I got disgusted and looked around for a purchaser for my shares. Nobody seemed to want the stock till that boy turned up and offered to take it at five cents a share under the market. I was only too glad to take him up. So he's bought 20,000 shares more at the same price he gave me?"

"Yes."

"He must have money to burn, or he is a born fool."

"He doesn't look or act like a fool. Could it be possible that he received information from somebody out in that neighborhood who knows more about the mine than we do?"

"I don't see how he could in face of my investigations," replied the Westerner.

"He has been on the ground himself. After he bought your stock he went straight to the mine and remained there a couple of weeks. Then he went on to New York, where I understand he's opened an office in Wall Street," said the secretary.

"Opened an office in Wall Street, eh?" ejaculated the Westerner. "For a boy of eighteen he is certainly a hummer."

"He's smart, that's why his purchase of the additional 20,000 shares of 'Big Bonanza' has set me thinking. He now controls nearly three-quarters of the mine. He wouldn't put his money into it unless he saw some prospect of

getting it back again with a profit," said the secretary.

"I don't see how a boy like him can see more in it than I could. I went over the mine in a thorough way, and I found nothing to warrant any expectations of it ever turning out a winner. If I were you, Prescott, I'd try and sell him your 5,000 shares, if you can get him to bite. I think he's stuck on that mine, and imagines that some day it will turn up trumps. I wouldn't buy that stock back again if he offered it to me at ten cents a share."

Thus speaking the Westerner entered his brother's office to see how a deal he had on was panning out. Prescott went back to his place of business half resolved to offer his stock to Fred through the boy's brother-in-law, who held a power of attorney to act for him. The secretary was junior partner of a prosperous real estate firm on Montgomery Street, and only gave a portion of his time to the duties of his mining office, which was in charge of a young man who regarded the position as a sinecure. When Prescott reached the real estate office he found that the young man in question had been there and left a letter post-marked from the mining town nearest to the "Big Bonanza" property.

It was addressed in the handwriting of the man in charge of operations at the mine, and Prescott opened it leisurely, not expecting that it contained news of any particular importance, for lately the "Big Bonanza" had been going down hill, and while the stock was still quoted at 25 cents, there was no real business done in it on the exchanges.

A certain brokerage house in San Francisco had a standing order to pull off a wash-sale occasionally at 25 cents in order to keep the price nominally at that figure. When the secretary read the letter, however, he jumped nearly a foot with surprise. The superintendent announced the unexpected discovery of a vein of ore that from present indications promised rich results. Prescott could hardly believe his eyes. After a consultation with his partner he took an East-bound train next morning for the mine, which was in Nevada. When he reached the ground he was met by the superintendent, who assured him that the discovery was a corker, and that it would put a lot of money into the pockets of the stockholders.

"I wouldn't sell the 1,000 shares I have for a dollar a share," said the man emphatically.

Prescott went to the mine with him and inspected the now lode. It certainly looked uncommonly rich.

"You haven't said a word about this to anybody around here, have you?" asked the secretary.

"Not much," answered the superintendent.

"See that you don't. Only you and I know about it. We must both try to buy up as many shares as we can get before the news gets out."

"Young Munson, the new president, is a lucky dog," said the superintendent. "He's got 50,100 shares. He was here a few months ago on his way East. Couldn't we buy his stock between us before he learns about this lode?"

"I'm afraid not. It's only the other day that he bought 20,000 more shares."

"What! Of this mine?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes. He holds 70,100 shares on the books now."

"Great Scott! Why, he'll make a small fortune out of this discovery."

"He certainly will from present indications. What did he do when he was here?"

"I showed him over the mine and told him that it was no great shakes as things stood."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said he believed it would turn out to be a winner just the same."

"What reason did he give for believing so?"

"He didn't give any."

"Do you think anybody out here has a suspicion of the existence of ore in this mine and communicated the fact to him?"

"I shouldn't imagine so."

"Has any stranger been down in the mine within the last six months?"

"Several, but I always was with them. They couldn't have found out anything that I didn't know."

"How came you to make this discovery?"

"By the merest accident," and the superintendent explained how he found the lode.

"Do you know that young Munson is in New York?"

"He told me he was going there," replied the superintendent, not looking the secretary in the face.

"How long since you found the lode?" asked Prescott.

"I notified you right after I uncovered it," said the other, digging at the silver vein with his jack-knife.

"Have you written to any broker in San Francisco to hunt up 'Big Bonanza' shares for your benefit?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because it would be natural for you to try and buy all you could get hold of after making this discovery; and because I know a certain broker has been looking for the stock since Munson bought his last 20,000 shares."

"I'll admit I am trying to get hold of more of the stock. There are 29,000 shares held by people other than Munson. Of that number you hold 5,000, I believe."

"Yes."

"I have 1,000 with a good prospect of getting half at least of the remaining 23,900."

"It seems to me you are taking great advantage of your position here as superintendent," replied Prescott, sharply.

"Wouldn't you do the same if you were in my shoes?"

"Now, tell me the truth—isn't it a fact that you have concealed the knowledge of this ore discovery from me until you secured a good portion of those 23,900 shares?"

"Your books don't show that I own more than 1,000 shares," replied the superintendent, evasively.

"That's no proof that you haven't bought a good deal of the stock and are holding the recording of it back."

"I'll admit it. When I secure all the shares I'm after I'll sent them to you to transfer in a bunch."

"How much have you got so far?"

"I decline to state. I advise you to return to

'Frisco and buy up every share you can find. If you are smart there will be only three stockholders in this mine when the discovery is made public—you, me and Munson."

"From present indications I'm likely to be in the minority, for it strikes me that you have got hold of the majority of the outstanding shares—taking an unfair advantage of your prior knowledge of this lode."

The superintendent made no reply, but he looked guilty. Prescott finally left the mine, feeling pretty sore. He decided to go to New York and try to buy some of the stock from Munson. After he left the mine the superintendent, whose name was Fisk, took a letter from his pocket, post-marked New York, took out two certificates of "Big Bonanza" stock for 5,000 shares each, and looked at them gloatingly.

They bore the transfer stamp of the San Francisco office, showing that the stock had been passed to the credit of Fred Munson. Apparently the boy had sent them to the superintendent. Were he and Fish standing in together on the mine? It looked as if they were.

CHAPTER IX.—Prescott Fails to Scoop Any of Fred's Stock.

It was a fine morning early in June and Fred Munson, feeling in good spirits, was standing in front of the sketch of the "Big Bonanza" mine which ornamented his office wall.

"Fish had discovered the lode at last and the 'Big Bonanza' will soon be the sensation of the mining world," he said to himself. "I have kept my word with him and sent him the 10,000 shares of stock agreed upon between us, and he has doubtless by this time secured as much more in 'Frisco. He and I will practically own the mine between us. It was at his suggestion that I bought out Brannan's control, and acting on his advice I captured the additional 20,000 shares. I was the only person he felt that he could trust, and as he had no money of any importance he put it up to me to see him through in return for the great chance he appeared to be offering me—a chance that would make my fortune, and his to some extent, if things turned out as he expected they would. Well, they have turned out, and the harvest will soon begin. There will be gnashing of teeth among the rest of the bunch who have sold out; but there is no call for either Fish or I to forward our condolences. No one need know that we have been standing in together, and the only conclusion to be reached is that I was favored with blind luck. To a certain extent I have been; but I took a chance of losing my investment, for had Fish made a mistake in his estimate of the mine I would have had a white elephant on my hands, and Sam Brannan would be the last man to sympathize with me. Now Mr. Brannan will be mad enough to chew a spike, for he has thrown away a fortune."

As he turned to walk over to his desk the door opened and a gentleman walked in. The visitor was Mr. Prescott, the secretary of the "Big Bonanza" mining company.

"Why, Mr. Prescott, this is a big surprise," said Fred, shaking hands with him. "Glad to see you. Take a seat."

"I'm the last man you expected to see in New York this morning, I guess," said the secretary with a smile. "Business brought me East, so I took advantage of the opportunity to call on you. Your brother-in-law told me you had an office in Wall Street, so I dropped into the different buildings along here till I found your name on the directory of this one. Well, what are you doing?"

"Speculating in stocks."

"Is that your business?"

"Yes sir; and I've been making out pretty well at it."

"Glad to hear it."

They began talking about San Francisco, and after a while Prescott got down to the purpose of his visit.

"By the way, Munson, your brother-in-law bought 20,000 more shares of 'Big Bonanza' which he brought to me to transfer to your name on the books. You now own 70,100 shares, almost three-quarters of the whole issue. You must have great confidence in the future of the mine."

"I have," replied Fred.

"It is looking up a bit, I admit, but hardly enough to account for your buying so much of it. As president and majority owner of the stock, might I ask what are your views regarding its future working?"

"My views are to go on working it for all it is worth."

"Do you intend to hold on to all of that stock?"

"I intend to hold on to 60,000 shares of it."

"Then you propose to sell the other 10,000 shares?"

"I have already disposed of them."

"You have!" ejaculated the secretary, his face falling. "To whom?"

"You will learn when the certificates are sent to you to be transferred on the books," replied Fred.

"It's too bad that you sold them before I saw you."

"Why?"

"I don't suppose you received more than you gave for them. Now I have been commissioned to buy a block of the stock for a 'Frisco man, who thinks so well of the mine that he is willing to pay 35 cents a share for it."

Fred smiled in a peculiar way.

"Perhaps the person you sold the shares to would be willing to part with them at that price. If you will give me his name and address I will call on him," went on the secretary.

"No, I don't think he would sell the stock for 35 cents any more than I would."

"At any rate I could ask him."

"He is not in New York."

That was a further disappointment to Mr. Prescott.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to sell 10,000 of your shares for 35 cents?" he said after a pause.

"No, sir."

"I might possibly be able to get you 40 cents."

"That would be no inducement."

"Have you heard anything lately from the mine?"

"I have. I received a letter from Superintendent Fish informing me that a rich lode of ore had been uncovered in the mine."

The secretary gasped.

"When did you get that letter?" he asked.

"Oh, a few days ago."

Prescott realized then that Fish had deceived him in more ways than one.

"Now, Mr. Prescott," continued Fred, "isn't it a fact that you are aware of the discovery of the lode, and that you came to New York to try and buy some of my stock, thinking I was ignorant of the discovery?"

The secretary saw that he would have to admit the truth or run the risk of making himself out a liar, for he could not tell how much information the boy was possessed of.

"Frankly I will say yes. Fish wrote me about the discovery of the ore, but not until he had laid pipes to buy up as much of the stock as he could get hold of, which I consider a scaly piece of business on his part. Finding that I had very little chance of adding to my 5,000 shares in 'Frisco, and knowing you held so much, I came East to try and buy some of the stock from you, if you were willing to part with it. Now that you are aware of the strike in the mine it is clear that I cannot get any from you."

"Since you admit the truth and have taken all that trouble I'll tell you what I'll do. I am satisfied 'Big Bonanza' will soon go to a dollar. I'll sell you 5,000 shares at 80 cents. That is as good as presenting you with \$1,000."

"How long will you give me to consider your offer? I should like to see if I can buy any of the remaining stock in 'Frisco that I can find there at a cheaper price. Of course, if you publish the fact of this discovery I will be unable to do so."

"The news, I am assured by Mr. Fish, will not be given out till I give the word, unless you should tell it. I do not intend to announce the discovery for a month yet, and I sent you a letter a week ago informing you that I knew of the strike and that it must be kept secret till you heard from me."

"Your letter must have reached my office just after I left the city, for I did not receive it."

"While the head office of the company will continue to be in 'Frisco, I shall push the mine from this office when I get ready to make a move. That won't be for nearly a month, and I give you that time in which to take up my offer."

"Very well; you shall hear from me within two weeks or not later than three. It looks as if you, I and Fish will be the only important stockholders—I least of the three."

"That's about the size of it."

"Will you tell me what induced you to take hold of 'Big Bonanza' in the first place? You must have had some idea of what was going to happen or I cannot see why you were induced to purchase the controlling interest from Mr. Brannan."

"In answer to your question I can only say that I was advised by a friend to take hold of the stock on the chance that the mine might turn out a winner. As I have an inclination for taking chances—I undertook the risk of losing nearly all the money left me by my father. Now that the 'Big Bonanza' has turned up trumps I can congratulate myself on making the venture."

"You must be lucky, Munson, for even Sam Brannan failed to retain his original confidence."

in the mine. He has lost a fortune from the looks of things, while you have gained one."

"You had better return to 'Frisco right away and see how many shares you can pick up before the discovery is made public. My offer will hold good until say the last day of this month. On the first of July it is likely that the mining world will learn the news of the discovery in 'Big Bonanza'."

After some further talk Fred invited Prescott to go to lunch with him, and the secretary accepted. Late that afternoon Prescott started back for the Pacific slope satisfied that if Fred was a boy in years he was a man in business ability and energy.

CHAPTER X.—"Big Bonanza" Comes to the Front.

A few days after Prescott's departure Fred made another deal in the market. This time it was S. & T., which looked buoyant to him. He had noticed that it had gone up from 85 to 87 and he concluded to get in on it right away and see how he'd come out.

He went to Broker Manley and gave him an order for 600 shares. They were duly bought and the trader notified him to that effect. It was about this time that Fred and Mr. Mooney were summoned before the June Grand Jury to testify against Jud Parker, the crook, who had not got out of bail, but had been in the Tombs since his arrest. The Jury, being satisfied that the People got the case against the rascal, handed in an indictment charging him with felonious assault and attempted burglary to the District Attorney's office. When he would be tried rested altogether with that official. Fred had his attention centered on S. & T. and was not greatly pleased to find that instead of continuing to go up it began to go the other way. Three days after he bought it it was roosting at 85½, which represented a loss to him of \$900 without considering interest and commission. During the following week it continued to see-saw between 85 and 86½—the latter being the highest point it reached, which was three-eights lower than Fred had paid for it.

Finally after another week of fluctuation it went to 87½. Fred promptly sold out, as he was tired of watching it. After the expenses of the deal were deducted he found he had made \$300.

"That's better than a loss at any rate," he thought. "It's the first money I've made this month, and as to-day is the 26th I guess I won't make any more. Well, after deducting my expenses I am about \$100 ahead. Things are working rather slow with me of late. However, I shall begin to push 'Big Bonanza' after the first, and then my affairs ought to grow more flourishing."

That day he received a letter from Prescott informing him that he had bought 5,000 shares of "Big Bonanza" at 20 cents, and he had decided not to buy the 5,000 Fred had offered at 80. Through dent of persistent inquiry he had learned that Fish had captured about 9,000 shares. Not being aware that Fish was the man to whom Fred had turned over the 10,000 shares he had

spoken about in his office that morning, he supposed that he and Fish each controlled an equal amount of "Big Bonanza" stock, and he intimated as much in his letter.

On the first day of July Fred telegraphed Fish to give out the news. He also hired a painter to put on his door "New York Office of the Big Bonanza Silver Mining Company." Then he went around to Mr. Manley's office to tell him about the discovery of a valuable lode of silver ore in the "Big Bonanza." The trader happened to be disengaged and he was shown into the private room at once.

"Hello, Munson," said Manley. "Take a seat."

"I came around to receive your congratulations," said Fred, smilingly.

"About what? Is this your birthday?" said the broker.

"No. I've brought you news about my 'Big Bonanza' mine."

"Ah! Something turned up at last?"

"Yes, sir. A rich vein of silver ore has been uncovered in it, and the news will be on the Curb before long."

"Is that a fact?" cried the broker, much interested.

"There is no doubt about it. I've known about it for nearly a month, but for reasons we have held the announcement back."

"I congratulate you with all my heart. You've been expecting something of this kind since I first met you."

"Yes, sir; I was looking for it to come at any moment."

"Your stock is sure to go up, and as you hold the majority of it you are likely to be a rich boy before you become of age."

"I have 60,100 shares altogether, and you hold most of it as security for the \$5,000 I borrowed of you. I expect it will be worth a dollar a share before long, for the superintendent of the mine has assured me that the find is a very rich one."

"You are certainly a fortunate boy. I can tell you that no one is better pleased to learn of your good luck than I am."

"I know that, sir. You've been very nice to me since I made your acquaintance."

"Pshaw! Ought I to be otherwise seeing what I owe you?"

"The New York office of the company will now be located at my office. I had the name put on my door a little while ago, and it will be inserted in the directory down-stairs. I am going to put an advertisement in the Wall Street Argus also, chiefly to bring the mine to the attention of the public."

"If the discovery is as valuable as you assert the 'Big Bonanza' will take its place among the important producers of the Nevada fields."

"Yes, sir. I dare say we shall require a lot of new machinery and other things to develop our resources. That will take money, and the company hasn't any."

"That will be easy to get around. You have only issued 100,000 shares of stock. All you have to do will be to get out a new issue of fifty or a hundred thousand more and sell it at the highest market price. That will bring you in the money you will need for pushing the production of the ore."

"I've figured on that, but it will be necessary that I buy some of this stock myself in order to retain control of this mine, and I can't afford to do that."

"Well, I'll help you out. Come up to my house some evening soon and we'll go into the matter. Nothing need be done till we see how the news of the discovery affects the value of the outstanding shares."

Fred promised to call and then took his leave. After lunch he dropped in to see Mr. Mooney, the money-lender, but that gentleman was out to his lunch. Fred left word for him to call at his office when he got through business for the day. Mr. Mooney called at half-past three. Then Fred told him about the developments in his "Big Bonanza." The money-lender congratulated him, and they had a long chat together over the prospects that looked so sunny for the lad from 'Frisco. When Superintendent Fish received Fred's telegram he lost no time in sending word about the rich lode to the officials of the Goldfield Exchange. The news was announced to the brokers and created something of a sensation.

About 7,000 shares of "Big Bonanza" were held in Goldfield, and the moment the publication was made in the papers that a rich strike had been made in the "Big Bonanza" mine the owners of these shares began to see visions of the stock going to a dollar a share and even higher. There was a rush on the part of speculators to buy the stock, but those who had it were in no hurry to sell, and the price went to 50 cents a share inside of an hour after the news of the discovery became generally known. Of course the news was telegraphed to New York and to all the other mining exchanges. In San Francisco, where the stock had been in the dumps for several months, much speculation about the unexpected finding of a rich lode of silver ore in the "Big Bonanza" ensued, and the people who had originally been identified as stockholders but had sold out their holdings, began to feel exceedingly sore. The man who was hit the hardest was Sam Brannan, the big Westerner. He was simply paralyzed when he heard the report. His first impression was that it was a fake. He rushed around to the real estate office of Jarboe & Prescott, to see his friend the secretary. Prescott confirmed the news and assured Brannan that he had been to the mine and seen the lode. The Westerner was furious.

"There has been some hocus pocus worked on me," he roared. "That boy Munson must have known something about what was in the mine or he never would have bought me out. I wouldn't be surprised but he and Fish have been in collusion."

That was Prescott's private opinion, but he did not care to say so in words, at least to Brannan, for the Westerner was a fire-eater, and likely as not he'd go right to the mine and shoot the superintendent. The stock jumped on the San Francisco market to 50 cents also, and even 60 cents was offered for it with no takers. All told there were not more than 3,000 shares of it floating around the Golden City, the balance, or 10,000 shares, being held by Prescott, who had no idea of selling even at a dollar a share. He had purchased his original 5,000 for 15 cents, and the second batch for 2 cents, so he was in line

to make money out of it. All he regretted was that he had not been able to secure more. For his inability to do this he blamed Superintendent Fish, who had feathered his own nest on the quiet before announcing the discovery. On the day following the announcement of the discovery of ore in the mine, Sam Brannan left San Francisco for Nevada. As there was blood in his eye, it looked as if there would be something doing when he reached the mine. Three days later, while Fred was sitting in his office talking with a couple of Curb brokers about "Big Bonanza," a Western Union messenger came in and handed him a despatch. He signed for it, tore the envelope open and read the following:

"Fred Munson, Room 650, Blizzard Building, Wall Street, New York City.

"Look out for Sam Brannan. He has been here. Raised Cain. Gone East to see you. Swears he was swindled. Says he will get stock back or there will be something doing. Handle him gently or there will be trouble.

"FISH."

Fred never turned a hair at this startling intelligence. He coolly returned the despatch to its envelope, put it in his pocket and went on talking with his visitors. When they went away Fred took out the despatch and read it again.

"I may expect to see him within three days," he muttered. "Well, let him come. If he thinks he can intimidate me into giving up the stock I bought of him, he is greatly mistaken. He's a tough rooster to buck against when his blood is up, but I guess I'll be able to handle him. For fear he might take it into his head to clean me and the office out I'll have a detective on hand to quiet him. I'm not surprised to hear that he's on the war-path since he learned about the ore discovery. Any man in his place would feel dead sore, but he can't blame me. I didn't force him to sell his shares. He was looking around for a purchaser for two weeks before I went to him with my offer. It was a square deal, and it's going to stand."

Fred put on his hat and went over to Broker Manley's office.

"I want you to buy me 800 shares of Rock Island, Mr. Manley," he said.

"Eight hundred, eh? All right, Munson, I'll do it," replied the broker.

"There is my \$8,000 marginal deposit to cover the deal. It's ruling at 39 now, but I'm looking to see it go up. I heard some brokers talking about it to-day; and I see by the financial papers that its business has increased and that the road is doing better than it has done for years. It looks good to me."

"It isn't a bad investment. I bought 10,000 shares of it yesterday for my personal account, believing, as you do, that the price will advance very soon," said the trader.

Fred took his memorandum of the transaction and left. Next day Rock Island verified his anticipations by going up to 40 1/2. Mr. Mooney, the money-lender, was a commuter on the Long Island railroad. He lived with his wife and two small children in a very comfortable house on the suburbs of the village of P_____. That afternoon he dropped in to see Fred, as he had got into the habit of doing several times a week, for he had taken a great fancy to the lad.

"Munson," he said, taking a seat near the boy's desk, "tomorrow is Saturday."

"Yes, sir; I'm aware of that fact."

"I want you to come out to my house and stay with me over Sunday."

"Well, I've no objections to accepting your invitation."

"Very well. Then come down prepared to go out with me a little after noon."

Fred said he would, and then they began talking about something else.

CHAPTER XI.—Taken Unawares.

Fred was not a stranger to Mr. Mooney's home and wife and family. He had been out there once before soon after the stirring incident which introduced him to the money-lender. Mrs. Mooney and the young Mooneys were as much taken with him as Mr. Mooney himself. In fact, Fred had the faculty of making himself liked wherever he went. He was good-looking, manly and socially disposed. At the two-hour session of the Stock Exchange next day, Rock Island advanced to 40 3-8. That put Fred \$800 ahead on his latest deal. He had more Curb brokers call on him that morning to talk about "Big Bonanza." Every one of them wanted to get hold of some of the shares, but the young president of the company told them he had none for sale. He said that he didn't believe any of the stock would get on the market short of 75 cents or a dollar a share. He gave out all the information at his disposal, and they went away satisfied that the mine was a good thing. Before noon he received a letter from Fish. The superintendent informed him that several capitalists had called at the mine to inspect the silver lode, and from their conversation he judged they intended to form a company to lease the mine and work it if arrangements to that effect could be made.

Promptly at half-past twelve Mr. Mooney appeared and said he was ready to go home by the 1.20 train.

"All right, sir; I'm with you," replied Fred, putting on his hat and taking up the small hand-bag he had brought down-town with him.

In due time they reached the Mooney home, and Fred was received in the most hospitable way by Mrs. Mooney, and with acclamation by the young Mooneys. After lunch Mr. Mooney had his auto brought around to the front door to take Fred out and show him the chief points of interest for some miles along the country road. They had gone a couple of miles outside the village when Mr. Mooney pointed out an old deserted mansion, setting back in what had once upon a time been a fine, well-kept lawn, but was now a waste of weeds and rank vegetation.

"Ever see a haunted house?" asked the money-lender, with a smile.

"Not to my knowledge," replied Fred.

"Yonder is one."

"What! That large mansion that appears to be tenantless?"

"Yes. It has been vacant as you see it for the last ten years at least."

"How did it get the reputation of being haunted?"

"There was a murder committed there, and there are people who claim that they have seen the murdered girl at night sitting on the steps of the house."

"They must have seen something white, in the moonlight perhaps, and imagined it was the girl."

"No; they say that they saw her face distinctly."

"How could they from the road; unless the moon was uncommonly bright, and even then I doubt if you could recognize a face at that distance?"

"They were in the grounds at the time, and close to the porch."

"That's a different thing; but still I doubt the ghost theory."

"They say she always appears on the 6th of the month, which was the night she was murdered."

"Then she ought to appear tonight, for this is the 6th of July."

Mr. Mooney shrugged his shoulders. Whether that meant that he had his doubts about the ghost, or that he was indifferent about the matter, Fred could not tell. At that moment he pointed out a fine residence occupied by some millionaire, and the subject of the haunted house was forgotten. Dinner was ready when they got back, and the evening was passed very pleasantly. At half-past ten Fred was shown to the guest-chamber—a large, well-furnished room on the second floor at the back of the house. It was a warm night, and not feeling particularly sleepy he sat beside the open window and looked lazily out upon the quiet country aspect presented to his view.

There was no moon as yet, but the night was not dark as the sky was resplendent with stars. As Fred sat there his thoughts gradually connected themselves with the future of the "Big Bonanza" mine, and the prospects of wealth it held out for him. This mine had been the dream of his existence from the day he bought out Sam Brannan's controlling interest, and he had Frank Fish's assurance that there was a fortune in it for him. Now that a rich silver lode had turned up in it he felt that he was on the threshold of the realization of his ambitious hopes. It is little wonder that he built castles in the air around it that Saturday night as he sat by the window. The warmth and stillness of the early summer night gradually lulled his senses into repose, and ere he realized the fact, he was dozing in the shadow of the curtain. The doze deepened into a dreamless sleep, and thus two hours went by. Suddenly he was rudely awakened by being pulled out of the chair with very little ceremony, and he heard a voice say:

"Tie his hands quick, Jerry, while I hold him."

Fred was a bit stupid after coming out of his sleep, and before he fully realized what he was up against his arms were bound behind his back, and his ankles trussed together. He opened his mouth to shout and discovered that he was gagged with a towel. Too late he started to struggle. He was now quite helpless, and completely at the mercy of the two masked men he saw in the room. A shadow, thrown on the floor by the rising moon, showed him a third man on the out-

side of the window, doubtless standing at the top of a ladder.

"Now, Jerry, we'll pass him out to Tinker, and you help lower him down to the ground," said the man who seemed to be directing operations. "When you get him in the wagon come back and we'll tackle Mooney."

Fred was lowered, like a sack of merchandise, to the ground outside, and then carried around the house and lifted into a light wagon, drawn by one horse. A fourth man, apparently the driver, sat on the seat with the reins in his hand.

"Keep an eye on him, Carson," said Jerry. "If an alarm should be raised while we're after Mooney? It looks is if he and the money-lender look out for ourselves."

"All right," nodded the man, and the other two returned to the rear of the house. Fred lay in the bottom of the wagon, staring up at the stars, and wondering what this all meant. Why had he been carried out of the house, and what designs had the quartet of rascals on him and Mr. Mooney? It looked as if he and the moneylender were in the same boat, but to save his life he could not understand the meaning of the outrage. It was the first time in his life that the lad from 'Frisco had ever been caught off his guard, and it made him mad to think how easily he had been overcome. Ten minutes elapsed and then he heard footsteps approaching the wagon.

Then the figure of a man was shoved into the vehicle. Fred rolled on his side and saw that his fellow-prisoner was Mr. Mooney. He was bound but not gagged. As he made no outcry or movement, and his eyes were closed, Fred guessed he had been drugged in some way. Jerry and Tinker sprang up on the dashboard while the leader climbed up beside the driver, who immediately started the horse, and the wagon drove away at a smart rate of speed.

CHAPTER XII.—Edith Carter.

The wagon rattled off down the road that Mr. Mooney had followed, with Fred, that afternoon in his automobile. Fred could see nothing but the sky and the upper-half of the two men on the dashboard, whose backs were turned toward him. They were talking and laughing together, and though the boy listened to what they said he caught only a few disjointed sentences, and these had no reference to either himself or the money-lender. After a drive of two miles the vehicle halted before the wide gate of the house that had the reputation of being haunted. Tinker got down, opened the gate, which creaked complainingly on its rusty hinges, and the wagon was driven through. A young woman in a white dress was sitting on the top of the porch.

"Hello, Sal," said the chief of the bunch. "Doing the ghost act, I see."

"Yes, and it's a very tiresome business," replied the girl, who was pretty, but rather brazen-looking. "I'm sick of it."

"Well, you can call it off now and go inside."

The speaker walked up the steps and pushed in the hall door to admit Jerry and Tinker, who were carrying Fred between them. The boy felt himself being borne up a stairway to the floor

above. The interior of the house was as dark as Egypt, but the two men appeared to be so familiar with the way that they experienced no trouble. They carried the young speculator back along the wide landing, through a doorway and up another flight of stairs. He was taken into a room that was lighted by the moonbeams and deposited on the bare floor. Then the men left him alone. Fred heard them go downstairs, and presently their footsteps died away.

"I'd give something to know what is at the bottom of this affair," thought the boy. "It looks mighty mysterious to me. They certainly have some object in view which concerns Mr. Mooney and me. What in thunder it is, puzzles me."

The sound of footsteps sounded again, coming up, and the boy had little doubt but that they were carrying the senseless money-lender.

This was true, and they soon came into the room with Mooney. The leader walked over to Fred, raised him against the wall and took the gag from his mouth.

"Perhaps you'll explain the meaning of this singular outrage?" was the first thing Fred said, looking at the leader.

"You and Mooney have been brought here because Jud Parker is to be tried on Tuesday, and we intend that you shan't, or either of you, appear as witnesses against him," was the reply.

His words made the matter quite clear to the boy. He saw the point, but thought it a foolish one on the part of the men, who evidently were Jud Parker's friends.

"Well, I don't know where you've brought us to, but it isn't a great way from P— and Mr. Mooney's home. I think a detective will have no great trouble in locating us, and then your little game will be up."

"We'll take care of any detective who comes prowling around here. We've laid out plans so that we won't fail. In good time an application will be made for a reduction of Parker's bail. If the judge sees it in the right light, Jud will get out, and you and Mooney will be allowed to go. A new date will be set for Jud's trial, but when he's called to the bar he won't be on hand. His bail will be forfeited and that will end the matter, for Jud will be outside the State and safe."

"Then you intend to hold on to us until the matter has been fixed to suit you?" said Fred.

"We do."

"You're not going to keep us strapped up like this?" said Fred.

"No; in the morning you're free to move around but for the rest of the night you'll remain as you are."

Fred said nothing, for he judged it would do him no good.

"Put them both on the bed so they'll rest easy," said the leader to his two companions.

Mooney was raised up first and bundled against the wall, while Fred was placed on the outside.

"Now we'll leave you for the present," said the leader, motioning to the others to withdraw. "In the morning I'll see you again."

With those words he followed his associates outside, and Fred heard the key turn in the lock. The men then went downstairs, and after that complete silence reigned in the house.

"A nice little scheme those chaps have figured out, but I've got money to bet that they'll slip up on it," muttered Fred.

"This must be the mansion which Mr. Mooney pointed out this afternoon as having a ghostly reputation, for I don't know of any other building in the neighborhood of P—— that these men could get undisputed possession of," thought Fred. "A haunted house is just the sort of place they'd take up with, since it is shunned by everybody living in this section. A detective out hunting for us will not be deterred from visiting it by any such sentiment. That chap said they'd take care of any detective who came visiting the place. Perhaps they will; but if they do up an officer they will only pile up more trouble for themselves. I wonder if I couldn't free myself from these cords? If I can I may be able to find some way of making my escape."

At that moment his sharp ears detected a light sound at the door. It struck him that somebody had turned the key. Looking at the door he saw it open slowly and the form of a lovely girl was revealed on the threshold. She glided into the room as far as the foot of the bed and catching Fred's eye put her finger to her lips as a sign for silence. Fred was so astonished at the appearance of such a bewitching creature that he couldn't speak for the moment anyway.

She went to the window and looked out, then returned to the door and after listening for a few moments, closed it.

Going back to the bed the girl laid one hand on the cords that bound Fred's arms and looked at them reflectively.

"I have a pocket-knife in my right-hand pants pocket. If you would help me take it out and cut me loose," said the boy in a low tone.

The girl nodded, put her hand in the pocket in question and pulled out the ivory-handled knife. It took but a few minutes for her to cut the cords so that Fred was able to recover full use of his arms once more.

"Thank you," he said, gratefully, taking the knife from her hand; "I'll finish the work myself."

With that he severed the cords at his ankles, and swung his feet off the bed on the floor.

"Now, miss, may I ask who you are, and why are you in this house which appears to be in the possession of a bunch of men who have committed a crime in carrying me and this gentleman off from his house in the village in the dead of night?" asked Fred, regarding her with interest and curiosity.

"My name is Edith Carter, and I am a prisoner here," she replied.

"A prisoner!" exclaimed Fred, astonished. "Why?"

"Because my grandmother left me all her property, and my uncle and aunt are determined to make me give most of it up," she answered.

"Do your uncle and aunt live in this house?"

"No. They live at a farm near here, and I have always lived with them. They brought me here one night a month ago and locked me up in an attic room above this. There I have been since, till to-night, when I found a way of getting out. My uncle has visited me twice a week, bringing me food. He hoped to break my spirit

and frighten me as well into compliance with his wishes, for this house is said to be haunted by the restless spirit of a girl of my age who was murdered here twelve years ago. But my uncle and aunt do not know me," a resolute expression coming over the beautiful face. "I am not afraid of the dead, for I believe they can do no harm. It is the living who make all the trouble in this world. Except when my uncle visited me, the house has been silent and deserted since I was brought here, until yesterday. Then I heard sounds of men walking around and talking. They came up as far as this floor, but did not venture to investigate the attic where I was. Their presence made me far more nervous than the ghostly reputation of the place. I could not imagine what they were doing here. I feared they were in collusion with my uncle and were going to remove me to some other place. Had I not been impressed with that idea I might have appealed to them to set me free. I dared not take the chance and so remained silent. I grew restless, however, and walked around and around the room trying to find some way of getting out, though I had done that a hundred times before and always failed. For many hours the house was quiet again, and I believed the men had gone away. Then I regretted I had not called out to them, and made my unfortunate position plain. Since they had not disturbed me then they could not have been connected with my uncle. Just before dark I found an old rusty iron skewer in the closet. With this I went to work on the lock of the door. I worked away at intervals for many hours, and at last I succeeded in driving back the lock. The door opened and the road to freedom seemed to lie before me. I ran down-stairs, eager to get away from the house, not knowing or caring where my steps would take me after I reached the road. To my consternation when I reached the head of the lower stairs, the front door opened and I heard men's steps and voices. They started up the stairs, and I was forced to retreat. Finally I took refuge in a room on this floor, and I saw them bring you up-stairs, gagged and bound. I feared some crime was about to be committed, and trembled with apprehension. Then after putting you in this room they went down and brought up your companion. I heard the conversation that took place between you and one of the men after the gag was taken from your mouth, and then I learned why you and that gentleman had been brought here. I then made up my mind to release you, if I could, and beg you to take me from this house with you if you could get away."

That was the girl's story, and Fred was much impressed by it.

"Miss Carter," he replied, "consider me from this moment your champion and friend. I will take you away, and see that you are protected against any future persecution on the part of your uncle and aunt. Whatever rights you are entitled to you shall get. Now let me introduce myself. My name is Fred Munson. I am the president of the 'Big Bonanza' Silver Mining Co., of Nevada, and I have an office in Wall Street, New York. My companion is Mr. Philip Mooney, a wealthy money-lender, who lives in P—— village, and he invited me down to stay over Sunday with him and his family."

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Munson," said the girl. "You have a good face, so I know I can trust you."

"You can trust me even with your life, and you will find that I shall not fail you," replied Fred, regarding the fair girl with a look of respect and admiration.

The girl flashed him a grateful look.

"Now," said the boy, "we must consider how we are going to escape from here. It is most unfortunate that Mr. Mooney is unconscious from some drug that was administered to him. We will be obliged to leave him here, for it is quite out of the question to take him with us. I will lock him in and carry the key off with me. He'll be safe enough until I can reach his house, arouse the gardener and arrange for his rescue and the capture, if possible, of the rascals who kidnaped us."

Fred walked to the head of the stairs and listened. No sound came up from below. As the boy judged that it was long after midnight he guessed the rascals had turned in somewhere on the ground floor for the night. Their chance of escape seemed to be good.

"Come, Miss Carter," he said; "we will try and get away now."

He led her out of the room, locked the door and started for the stairs.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Escape.

Fred took off his shoes, and bidding Miss Carter tread as softly as she could, took his way down-stairs. They reached the second floor without anything happening, and paused at the head of the first flight to listen. Reassured by the silence they continued on down. Reaching the front door they found it locked, but as the key was in it they found no difficulty in letting themselves out on the porch. Taking Miss Carter by the hand Fred hurried her down to the road.

"Now I will take you to Mr. Mooney's house and place you in care of his wife. To-morrow Mr. Mooney and I will consider how best to provide for you, and see that your interests are protected," said Fred. "In which direction do your uncle and aunt live?"

"About half a mile over yonder," she replied, waving her hand in the indicated direction.

"When do you expect he will call at the house with food for you?"

"To-morrow some time. Sunday and Wednesday nights are his regular times for visiting me."

"What is your uncle's name—same as yours?"

"Yes, Hiram Carter."

"He and his wife must have very little conscience to act toward you the way you say they have."

"He expected to get grandmother's property himself, and was awfully disappointed and angry when the will was read and he found that it had been left to me."

"Who is executor of the will?"

"My uncle."

While talking Fred and the girl had been walking along the road toward the village, and by this time they had got about half way there.

Suddenly they heard the sound of a horse and wagon coming on briskly.

"I hope those rascals haven't discovered my escape and are coming after me in their wagon," said Fred, stopping and looking around. "We had better hide behind that big oak tree until we get a line on the occupants of this vehicle."

Accordingly they stepped behind the tree, which was an ancient one, and large enough for two medium-sized persons to conceal themselves fairly well from the sight of anybody in the road. The wagon came on briskly, and as the moonlight illuminated the highway quite brightly, Fred soon saw that there was only one person on the seat.

The nearer he approached the less he resembled any of the kidnapers, so the boy thought he'd take a chance and hail him. His object was to get a lift as far as the village for himself and Miss Carter, who was growing tired. So he stepped out into the road and waved his arm as a signal that he wanted to stop. The man reined in and asked him what he wanted.

"I want you to do me a favor," replied Fred.

"What kind of a favor?"

"Give a young lady and me a ride to the village, and put us down as close to Mr. Philip Mooney's house, if you know where it is, as you conveniently can."

"Where is the young lady?" asked the man, looking around.

"Over by that oak tree."

"I don't see her."

"She is standing on the other side of it."

The man looked sharply at the boy.

"Who are you, may I ask?"

"My name is Fred Munson. I belong in New York, and am down here stopping over Sunday with Mr. Mooney."

"Well, bring the young lady over and I'll take you straight to Mr. Mooney's house, as I'm going right by it."

"Thanks; we're in luck."

Fred walked over and called to Edith Carter.

"This man will take us right to our destination," he said.

She accompanied Fred out into the road.

"Why, Mr. Brown, is that you?" she exclaimed, when she got close to the wagon.

"Miss Carter! Upon my word this is a great surprise," replied Mr. Brown.

"I guess you are astonished to see me out here at this late hour," she said.

"I certainly am. Are you going to Mr. Mooney's instead of home?"

"Yes, that is where Mr. Munson is taking me. Let me introduce you to him."

"He has already introduced himself," replied the man, starting up his horse.

"But he doesn't know you, and you are the person, I am sure, he wants to see."

"How is that?" replied the man, in some surprise.

"He will explain. Mr. Munson, this is Mr. Brown, the head constable of the village."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Brown. If you are the constable I've a job on hand for you right away, that is as soon as you put Miss Carter down at Mr. Mooney's home."

"A job for me!" ejaculated the officer.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Mooney and I were carried off to-night from this house by four rascals who confined us in the top story of the building a mile down the road known as the haunted house."

"The dickens you say!" cried the astonished officer.

"Mr. Mooney is still a prisoner there, but I managed to escape. I want to rescue the gentleman and capture the men guilty of the outrage."

"How did you manage to escape?"

"Through the assistance of Miss Carter."

The constable looked astonished.

"How came Miss Carter to be at a deserted house?"

"That is a more surprising story than the one I have just told you about Mr. Mooney and myself. You will have to get the explanation from her."

"Well, Miss Carter, how was it?"

"I'd rather not tell you now, Mr. Brown, as it concerns my uncle and aunt, as well as myself," she replied, with some embarrassment.

"Please yourself, Miss Carter," replied the constable, cheerfully.

They were now approaching Mr. Mooney's home, and from all appearances its inmates had no idea of the outrage which had that night been perpetrated on the owner and his young guest.

CHAPTER XIV.—Capture of the Kidnappers.

Fred knew that the gardener slept in a room above the garage where Mr. Mooney kept his automobile. The man was a capable chauffeur as well as gardener and always drove the machine except at such times as the money-lender took it out himself. Taking the girl with him he went around to the back where the garage stood. He saw the window of the room he had occupied wide open, and the ladder standing under it, just as the rascals had left it after bringing Mr. Mooney out of the house that way. Going to the door communicating with the second story of the garage he pulled the bell to arouse the gardener. In a few moments the man pushed up one of the windows, stuck his head out and asked who was there.

"I'm here, Fred Munson, William," replied the boy.

"Why, how is it that you are up at this hour? It's just twenty minutes after three," replied the surprised man.

"Put on your clothes and come down. There's been a whole lot doing since you went to bed."

Those words were sufficient to start the man into his clothes, and he presently showed himself at the door. Then Fred told him in as few words as possible what had happened to him and Mr. Mooney, and how the money-lender was still a prisoner in the haunted house.

"Fortunately I met the constable of this village, and he will be here shortly with a couple of assistants to go out to the house, rescue Mr. Mooney and capture the rascals if possible. You will have to go with us, for there are at least four men in the scheme, and we shall find them asleep at the house in all probability. By taking them by surprise we ought to be able to round them up," said Fred.

He told the gardener that he wanted to provide for Miss Carter while they were away, and would like to turn his room over to her, for the time being at least, in place of arousing Mrs. Mooney, as he had originally intended doing.

"There is no use of alarming her about her husband. What she is ignorant of won't trouble her. We'll have him back here in the course of an hour or so, and she'll never know what happened to him until he tells her in the morning. This young lady can occupy my room in the meantime until she is introduced to the family in the morning. I consider myself responsible for her safety and care."

"I've got a key to the back door," said the gardener. "I'll let you in and then you can take the young lady up to your room."

"All right. While I am inside, William, you had better remove the ladder that those rascals used to enter the house through my room."

Fred escorted Miss Carter to the room assigned to him, lighted a lamp for her accommodation, pulled the window down most of the way, and then bade her good-night, assuring her that her future would be decided on next morning at a consultation between Mr. Mooney and himself, to which she would be invited as the most interested person.

When Fred reached the yard again the constable was just driving up with two of his deputies. The boy and the gardener got in and the rig was headed down the road at a fast clip. It was four o'clock when they came to a stop a short distance from the house with the unsavory reputation. Mr. Brown tied the horse to the fence and the party of five advanced by a short-cut laying through the adjacent field. The supposition was that the rascals were sleeping in one of the ground floor rooms, so the party removed their shoes at the front door and started on a tour of investigation. The four men were found in what had once been the dining-room of the house, asleep on a couple of mattresses and almost fully dressed. A lamp stood on the table near by and this Fred lighted. The flash of the match aroused the leader of the bunch and he started up to find a revolver shoved under his nose by Constable Brown, who ordered him to throw up his hands. He did so after some hesitation and one of the deputies handcuffed him. The others were handcuffed as they lay asleep, and this aroused them to the realization that they were prisoners. The leader of the kidnappers was much astonished to see Fred at liberty, and he swore roundly at the luck which had overtaken him and his companion so unexpectedly.

"I told you that you did a foolish thing to carry Mr. Mooney and me off in order to prevent us from appearing in court against your friend Jud Parker, though I'll admit that I didn't expect to get free so soon," said Fred to him.

"Who are these men?" asked the rascal.

"They are the village constables," replied Fred.

"How come they to discover that we had carried you and Mooney off to-night? The trick was pulled off only a few hours ago."

"I put them on to you."

"How could you do that when you were bound hand and foot, and locked in that room on the third floor?"

"I escaped from the room shortly after you left me there."

Leaving one of the deputies to watch the prisoners, Fred led the rest of the party up-stairs to the room where Mr. Mooney lay still uncon-

scious. The money-lender was brought downstairs and put in the wagon, which was brought up to the house. The four prisoners were then marched out and loaded into the vehicle also. Then the party started back for the village. A stop was made at the house of a doctor in the suburbs. The physician was aroused and Mr. Mooney was taken into his parlor. The doctor administered a restorative to him and he was brought to his senses.

As he was wholly unaware of what had happened to him during the night he was amazed to find himself away from his home and in a physician's study. Fred explained the situation to him as briefly as he could, reserving a more detailed account for another time.

"Well, this beats anything I ever heard of," said Mr. Mooney, as soon as he was in possession of an outline of the facts. "I've been abducted and rescued without being aware of what I was going through. And you were a prisoner also, Munsen?"

"Yes, sir; but not for long. Had I not escaped in a remarkable manner we would both still be in the power of those rascals."

As Mr. Mooney was feeling all right now, he thanked the doctor for his services, handed him a couple of dollars to pay him for being woke up at that unseemly hour, and then he, Fred and Constable Brown returned to the wagon. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Mooney, Fred and the gardener were set down in front of the money-lender's home, and the wagon, with the prisoners, continued on to the village lock-up where the four rascals were provided with quarters until the time came for bringing them before the justice for examination.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

Dismissing the gardener to his interrupted night's sleep, Mr. Mooney led Fred into his library, lighted the lamp, and asked the boy to give him the full particulars of the night's adventure. Fred did so, bringing in Miss Carter's part in the affair, and then telling the money-lender the girl's story as she had herself related it to him. The young lady's appearance in the case was a fresh surprise to Mr. Mooney.

"I took the liberty to bring her to your house and put her in my room for the night," continued Fred. "I am greatly interested in her, for she has been villainously treated by her uncle and aunt, and I propose to see that she gets a square deal after this. I have no doubt, after you have seen and talked with her, that you will back me up and do what your judgment suggests is best under the circumstances. We owe her this for the good turn she did us to-night."

The money-lender nodded, and then said they had better to go to bed.

"Since you have given up your room you will have to take the smaller one next to it for to-night, or rather this morning, for the sun is already up," said Mr. Mooney.

"All right, sir. Anything suits me under the circumstances," replied Fred.

The family had a late breakfast that morning.

Mrs. Mooney wondered why her husband slept so late, and finally went to his room, which adjoined hers, to arouse him. While he was dress-

ing he astonished her with the story of what he had gone through during the night, though unconscious of his experience. She was also surprised to learn that she had a young lady guest in the house who was occupying the chamber allotted to Fred. After breakfast Mr. Mooney, Fred and Edith Carter came together in the library, and then the girl told her story with more detail. These details showed her uncle and aunt up in a worse light than ever. It was decided that Mr. Mooney should take charge of her for the present, and that, till further arrangements were made, she would live at the Mooney home. The money-lender said he would put her case in the hands of the head lawyer of the village, and have matters pushed against Hiram Carter as administrator of her grandmother's will. The interview then terminated, and Fred took advantage of the opportunity to get better acquainted with Edith Carter.

The more he saw of her the better he liked her, and the same may also be said on her side. In fact, by the time they separated that night they had come to think a whole lot of one another.

On Monday morning Fred, Miss Carter and Mr. Mooney attended the examination of the four kidnapers in the justice's office, the large outer room of which was utilized as a court-room. When Fred, as the chief witness, had told his story, Miss Carter took the stand to corroborate that part of it connected with the haunted house. The constables then stated what they knew about the case. When the kidnapers were asked what they had to say there were silent. The evidence against them was too strong for them to deny it.

The justice committed them to the county jail for trial, and that ended the matter for the present. Fred and Mr. Mooney concluded not to go to the city that day, since they could not get there much before two o'clock, and they devoted the time to consulting with a lawyer on Miss Carter's behalf. Several callers tried in vain to see the young president of the "Big Bonanza" Mining Company that day, but his office remained closed. Among the visitors was Sam Brannan, the big Westerner, who had reached New York on Sunday morning. He called around three times, but each time found the door of Fred's office locked. Next morning Fred and the money-lender took an early train for New York. After staying in his office a few minutes, Fred, who expected a visit from the Westerner that day, went up to the Wall Street Detective Agency and hired the services of a detective for a few hours. The officer returned with him and took a seat in the space outside the rail with a newspaper to occupy his attention till his services were called into use.

When Fred looked at the ticker to see how Rock Island, in which he was interested, was getting on, he found that the price was up to 41½. That showed that he was \$1,600 ahead of the game on his latest deal. Then he sat at his desk and began studying the previous day's market report. Half an hour passed and then the door opened and Sam Brannan walked in. Brannan was certainly a formidable-looking man. In height he was a trifle over six feet, and built in proportion. He wore a light-colored, wide-brimmed, soft felt hat over his long hair which fell about his neck and coat collar. A heavy black mustache adorned his upper lip. His clothes were decidedly unconven-

tional. In his hand he carried a stout cane, and he walked into the office as if he owned it, and wanted everybody present to know it.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Brannan," said Fred, getting up and advancing with a pleasant smile, "this is quite a surprise."

Brannan stopped and looked at him with an ugly frown.

"Young man," he said, "you and I have a bone to pick."

"What's the trouble, Mr. Brannan?" asked Fred, cheerfully.

"You ought to know what the trouble is. It's the 'Big Bonanza.'"

"I don't quite catch your meaning," replied Fred, suavely.

"You young rascal, you've euchered me out of my stock!" cried the big Westerner, grabbing Fred by the arm and raising his heavy cane in a threatening manner. "Sell me back my shares at once or I'll break your head!"

"Hold on, Mr. Brannan," cried Fred, snatching a revolver from the drawer of his desk, "this is no place for rough-house tactics. They may go in Western mining-camps but not in Wall Street. Cut it out or you'll find yourself in a hospital."

"I came here to get my rights, and I'm going to have them," said Brannan, in a tone that showed he meant business.

"Now what's your grievance?" asked the young speculator.

"My grievance is that you stood in with Frank Fish, the superintendent of the mine, and bought my stock, knowing that there was a silver lode ready to be brought to light when you and Fish got ready to have it uncovered."

"I deny your statement. When I bought your stock I did not know there was a lode in the mine, but I had expert advice as to the probability of such a lode being found. As to the charge of taking advantage of you, that is all rot. Didn't you have your stock on the market three weeks before I met you and made you the offer which you accepted?"

Brannan had to admit that he did.

"Very well. Anybody else might have bought your shares as well as me, but nobody seemed to want them. The deal between us was a perfectly fair one, and I can bring several San Francisco operators before you who heard you say that you had made a good thing out of me, and that you thought me an easy mark to put my money into so much stock of 'Big Bonanza.'"

The Westerner looked a bit sheepish.

"Now, Mr. Brannan, it is possible that the company may issue anywhere from fifty to a hundred thousand shares of new stock to get the money necessary to work the mine in good shape. That stock will probably command 75 cents to \$1 a share. If I were you I'd buy some of it when it is offered. You will find it a good investment."

That afternoon Fred has a visit from the representative of the capitalists who wanted to form a leasing company to operate the "Big Bonanza" mine on sharing terms. Fred learned all the particulars, but would not commit himself. The matter, he said, would have to go before the other two chief stockholders before he would act one way or the other on it.

Next day the trial of Jud Parker came off, and he was easily convicted on the testimony of Mr. Mooney and Fred. He was sentenced to ten years in State prison. Several days later Fred sold his Rock Island shares at 45 $\frac{3}{8}$, clearing \$4,800 on the deal, and raising his speculative capital to \$13,000.

After that the business of pushing "Big Bonanza" occupied so much of his attention that he quit speculating in the market altogether. When Fred, Fish and Prescott, the three principal stockholders of the mine, came together to decide on what action they should take for developing the property, they turned down the leasing proposal and issued 100,000 new shares of stock, half of which only was put on the market at 80 cents, the balance to remain in the treasury until more money might be needed. With the funds thus obtained Fish began work in earnest at the mine, and it was soon turning out a considerable quantity of very rich ore. Fred was now well known in Wall Street as the young president of the flourishing "Big Bonanza" which had a ready call on the Curb at over \$1 a share.

In the meantime Mr. Mooney brought Edith Carter's uncle to his knees, and the lawyer he employed to look after the girl's interests got the judge to throw Hiram Carter out of the executorship and appoint Mr. Mooney in his place.

The money-lender then took charge of all the property involved, after giving the necessary bonds. Fred and Edith saw a great deal of each other now, and a warm attachment grew up between them. Three years later, when Fred was worth a matter of \$100,000 in "Big Bonanza" stock alone, there was a grand wedding at Mr. Mooney's home in P—, and the chief personages in it were Edith Carter and Fred Munson, the Lad from 'Frisco.

Next week's issue will contain "THE LURE OF GOLD; OR, THE TREASURE OF COFFIN ROCK."

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The Wall Street Hoodoo

— or —

The Boy the Brokers Feared

By Gaston Garne

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued)

"That is impossible. I haven't seen any traces of him so far in any of my dealings. It is too deep a thing for a young head like his. He simply buys and sells on margins, and some day in his over-confidence he is going to be crushed as flat as a pancake."

Still another mentioned the matter to him, and he decided to call on Bob and ask him if he had any shares of the stock.

"Yes, I have a few shares," Bob replied, very much to his surprise.

"Well, how many shares have you?"

"Oh, I guess I have enough to enable you to control the road if you had them with what you already own."

"How do you know how many shares I own?"

"I know exactly how many shares you own, sir," said Bob, and he named the figures.

It nearly took his breath away, and Bob heard him gasp.

He denied it, though, and Bob merely shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Well, what do you want for your holdings?" the manager asked.

"Well, I want more than you are offering for them. You see, they have another value besides the market price, for they would give you control of the road. You are now offering 128. If you can get 3,000 shares more you will have a majority of the stock, and in order to get control of the road you can afford to pay 150 not only on the 3,000 shares, but for the other 4,000 I hold besides."

"Oh, you are trying to work your hoodoo racket," said the financier.

"Well, I hold a hoodoo so far as the control of the road is concerned. If you and your friends in the pool with you want to control the road, you'll take my 7,000 shares at 150."

"Why force me to take the other 4,000 when 3,000 is all that would be necessary?" the gentleman asked.

"Because I want what I can make out of that 4,000."

The man demurred, but within twenty-four hours he accepted the offer and the trade was made.

It was the biggest deal Bob had ever made, and those who had trusted him with the 7,000 shares were more than pleased.

The woman financier complimented him so lavishly as to actually make him blush, and she asked him if he really had worked his hoodoo on the blind pool.

"Yes, madam," he laughed, "that's just what I did."

"All right. I'll give you a chance to get in some more of that kind of work. If you want a half

million to help you out in any future deal, you can get it by calling on me. I've had other brokers attend to business for me, but never one who managed things so well as you have."

CHAPTER XXI.

How the Blackmailers Were Foiled.

"Madam, I'm not a broker. I'm simply doing business for myself, and what I've done in this matter is on that basis."

"Oh, yes, I understand that. But I see you know all about the business. Now, as to this young lady, your typewriter, are you not running a risk in letting her know about your deals?"

"No, madam. She's a financier herself."

"Oh, she is, eh?"

"Yes; she's working here as my typewriter simply because she's the only one I can trust. Besides, when I am of age, we are going to marry; so you see our interests run in the same channel."

The lady was about forty-five years of age, and was a very shrewd woman.

She looked at the pretty typewriter for nearly five seconds without uttering a word.

Jennie returned her gaze unflinchingly.

Then she said:

"My dear, you are a lucky girl."

Jennie blushed and replied:

"Thank you, madam. I think so myself. I had a little money and let Bob use it for me, and he has made me rich."

"Well, talking about being lucky, I'm the luckiest of the two," put in Bob, "for she's a fortune herself without a dollar."

The woman smiled and remarked:

"I see how it is. I think you are both lucky, and I'm sure I wish you all the happiness that can come to people in this life. Count me as your friend, both of you, and be sure to include me among those you invite to your wedding, for I would like to do something generous for the bride."

At first Jennie hadn't taken much of a fancy to her. She had remarked to Bob that she thought her a "cold-eyed woman" after she had left the office.

"Well, dear," said he, "the woman who deals with these Wall Street people must have a cold eye. Most business women have; that is, if they are successful. That is why I'm uneasy about having you down here with me to witness all these deals, for I don't want to see any coldness in the pretty blue eyes of yours."

"Bob," she laughed, "I never cast a cold glance in your direction."

"Please don't," said he, "for I tell you it would freeze me."

The famed financier was named Sisson, and was rated as being worth several million.

She had an eye for business, and had generally been successful.

She had a husband, but he was simply a figure-head, and she never trusted him with any of her affairs.

After that she was seen at the office frequently, and brokers began suspecting that she was

either backing Bob financially or he had hoodooed her and would get hold of a lot of her money.

Bob suspected that Mrs. Sisson herself had betrayed the secret of his deal with the famous blind pool. The story got out, and the manager was forced to admit the truth of it. He not only admitted it, but declared that young Whiddon was the sharpest dealer he had ever encountered in all of his Wall Street experience. He laughed at the idea of having been a victim of the hoodoo.

He admitted, though, that young Whiddon knew the value of his grip on the situation, and had levied heavy tribute on him.

When the story was known, the brokers feared Bob more than ever.

Every broker in the building now tipped his hat to Bob, as did the clerks and messenger boys.

Broker Mason, however, never recognized him, but studiously avoided making any comments on him or his actions, which was a wise thing on his part.

One day a couple of strangers entered the office, and seeing nobody in but Bob and the typewriter one of them closed and locked the door.

The other walked up to where Bob was sitting at the desk and drew a revolver and said:

"See here, young man, I want your check for \$50,000, and this little gun is a security for it. I suppose you understand what it means."

"Yes," said Bob. "That's all right. You've got the drop on me."

"So I have, and I'm glad you have sense enough to know it. Now give me your check, and my pal here will take it to the bank. If he gets the money he'll come back with it. Then we'll lock you up in your room and take the key with us. We only want five minutes in which to get away. Now, you know the situation."

The typewriter heard it all and understood the peril.

She dared not make an outcry for fear of her life and Bob's.

Bob quietly took out a check-book, filled out and signed a check for fifty thousand dollars which the other fellow endorsed, and Bob had to attest his signature on the back of the check.

Then the man left the office with the check, leaving Bob and Jennie prisoners in the office.

The other robber sat in front of them with a revolver in his hand.

Fifteen minutes passed, and then the absent man returned.

He gave a certain number of raps on the door as a signal, and the one inside unlocked the door and admitted him.

He was followed instantly by two stalwart men, both of whom Bob recognized as the bank's detective.

The robbers were covered by cocked revolvers.

"Jim," said the captive, "the jig is up. There was something on that check that notified the cashier, and he set his detectives on me."

"Yes," said one of the detectives, "the jig is up."

The two men were made prisoners when Jennie Rogers promptly fell out of her chair in a death-like swoon.

She didn't know that Bob had arranged with the cashier of the bank for just such an emergency as that. He knew that such an attempt on him was among the possibilities. In signing his name he was to give a certain flourish of his pen that

would tell the cashier that the man who presented the check was to be arrested on the spot.

The two would-be robbers made no resistance because the one that remained at the office with Bob was covered by two revolvers. His pal had been disarmed at the bank and had handcuffs on him.

Jennie Rogers' fainting caused Bob to rush to her side and raise her in his arms and call for water, which one of the detectives brought from the ice-cooler.

Then the news spread, and brokers and clerks and typewriters came running in, and soon the room was packed with them.

A couple of girls took charge of Jennie and left Bob free to answer the questions that were fired at him.

The bank detective told the story himself.

The brokers were amazed at the wise precautions Bob had taken to protect himself in just such an emergency. None of them had thought of doing that themselves, and it not only set them to thinking, but doing a lot of talking.

Of course they all congratulated him.

"Say, Bob," Broker Hennessey asked, "why is it you don't keep a gun in your desk yourself?"

"What's the use?" he asked. "Do you suppose that fellow would have stood there with a revolver in his hand and waited for me to take one from the drawer and shoot him? Not a bit of it. He would have shot me to save himself."

"That's so," assented several others.

When the typewriter came to she had her story to tell.

She stated that she thought at first that Bob was a coward, for he coolly took out a check-book, filled out and signed the check, tore it out, gave it to the man and remarked, "There you are."

"I confess that I was indignant, but I couldn't see how he could have helped himself. But I would have raised a row had it been me. The reason I didn't scream out, I was afraid they might shoot him. Now I know that he is just the coolest and bravest fellow in the face of danger that I ever saw or ever heard of."

"Look here, Miss Jennie," a broker asked with a merry twinkle of the eye, "you'll make him blush and give yourself away by praising him to his face."

"Oh, Bob can't blush!" she laughed, "and as for giving myself away, everybody around here knows we are engaged."

"Well, I didn't know it," said the broker. "That's the first I've heard of it."

"Well, then you must be at the tail-end of the procession," and the laugh was on the broker who was trying to be a little facetious.

She was so excited that she really was not aware that she had confessed her engagement to Bob, and was very much surprised when she was reminded of it.

She laughed and said:

"Well, I don't care. We've both been accused of it so often that people may as well know it as to suspect it."

"Look here, Bob," a man called to him, "what was the matter with your hoodoo? Why didn't you hoodoo that fellow when he drew his gun on you?"

(To be continued).

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1927

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

MANIAC THREATENS TO BLOW UP CITY

Residents of Cracow spent a night of terror when an insane soldier, Kornia, broke into the Grombalow Arsenal, containing hundreds of tons of explosives, and stood for hours at an open window threatening to blow up the city, said a Cracow dispatch.

4 HOURS A DAY AT MIRROR KEEP PARISIENNE CHIC

When it comes to wielding a lip stick the Parisienne has far more skill than her American competitor, in the opinion of one of Paris's famous arbiters of elegance. But it is a case of who is willing to spend more time before the mirror.

This style maker estimates the Parisienne spends four hours a day beautifying herself, including one hour in the tub.

CRANE WITH ALUMINUM LEG IS ODDITY IN LEIPZIG ZOO

A crane with an artificial leg is an oddity in the Zoological Gardens of Leipzig.

One bitterly cold day last winter the crane escaped. When picked up after a long chase, it was found that both its legs were frozen. Soon after, when the bird alighted from a flight, one leg snapped clean off. The crane was taken to the birds' hospital and the stump healed quickly.

Then some one got the notion to try and fit the patient with an artificial leg, made of aluminum. This was done, and the crane uses its new leg with perfect ease.

DYE FOR "LIGHT" CAVALRY DECREED FOR NEXT WAR

American army horses are to be dyed in future wars or replaced by animals of a more brunette type as a measure of safety against enemy aircraft, the War Department announces. A board of officers recently gave the subject considera-

tion at the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, and decided that white horses or those with light patches were easily discernible from the air. It was decided also that cavalry equipment which gleams should be concealed from enemy aircraft by a small mesh camouflage.

BOY AIRMAN, 15, WRECKS PLANE AND DESTROYS TREE

A 15-year-old boy flier, up solo for the first time, came down in a tree on Young's Farm, in the old County road, near New York. The plane was wrecked, so was the tree, but the pilot, Charles Fowler, of the Franklin Partmetgaden City, was cut and bruised badly, but otherwise uninjured.

The lad had been taking lessons in flying from "Casey" Jones, veteran instructor at Curtiss Field. The student, Jones said, had been making good progress in his flying, but had never been up alone, and his mother had asked Jones not to allow him to go up alone. Jones did not know, he said, how the boy got the plane, a Curtiss J-N, from Curtiss Field.

The boy flew over the Polo Field here just as the crowd was leaving after the polo matches. Then he went into a tail spin and couldn't right the plane. The plane was wrecked, but Jones said the engine could be used again.

Fowler, it was learned, was the son of the late captain Charles Fowler, of the U. S. Army, killed in France during the World War.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1927. State of New York, County of New York:—Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred Knight, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Fred Knight, 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y. Editor—None. Managing Editor—None. Business Managers—None.

2. That the owners are: Westbury Publishing Co., Inc., 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.; Fred Knight, 100 per cent, 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

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FRED KNIGHT, Publisher.
 Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1927. Victor J. A. Schmier. (My Commission expires March 30, 1920.)

A Brave Boy's Adventures

The time was about a quarter before eight of a mild, cloudy night.

The place was a dark section of sidewalk at the junction of a fashionable cross street and an equally fashionable avenue.

The corner was a small, but handsomely kept inclosure, surrounding a fine city house—the residence of a wealthy merchant named Greer.

At the moment an elegantly dressed youth was sauntering down that strip of pavement next the street side of the inclosure.

He was on the point of turning the corner, apparently with the intention of ascending the steps of the residence, when somebody accosted him.

"Hello! Is it really you, Oliver? When did you get back?"

The elegant youth thus addressed as Oliver stopped, started forward again as if to ignore the salute, and then turned with evident reluctance toward the boy who had accosted him.

His name was Neil Dare; his parents had died a year and a half previously, leaving no fortune whatever for the boy; and he was at present employed in the delivery department of a mammoth fancy goods emporium.

"What are you doing around here, Neil?"

"I have a package to deliver to Mr. Greer's daughter."

"I will save you the trouble of going into the house, Neil. I am invited to a little party there to-night. I will take the package to Miss Evylin myself if you like."

"I promised Miss Greer I would deliver it into her own hands."

"So Evylin Greer has the honor of your acquaintance, has she?"

Neil's handsome, honest face flushed crimson.

Some few weeks before the valiant boy had snatched Mr. Greer's lovely daughter almost from beneath the feet of a frenzied runaway team.

Neil had undoubtedly saved her life; and she had manifested her attitude by showing a most kindly interest in his welfare.

But Neil was far too manly to boast of the matter.

"I have spoken with her, and of course know her from her being frequently in the store, but I don't suppose she knows my name," he replied.

"So she don't know your name?"

Oliver repeated the words with a sneering laugh and with a curious air of relief.

"I can't see what you are aiming at, Oliver! I can't see why you are so anxious to prevent me doing an ordinary errand," said Neil, beginning to look nettled.

He had scarcely spoken the words before the other suddenly seized the package and jerked it from his hands.

"I wish to be civil to Miss Evylin, and to save you a little trouble—that's all."

And with a low, sneering laugh the elegant youth ran lightly up the steps and hurriedly rang the bell.

A second later he was admitted, and the door closed behind him.

Meanwhile, Neil stood motionless in the gloom of the shadowy sidewalk.

The audacity of the other's act had astonished him beyond the power of movement for a moment.

He could think of no reason why the other should wish to hinder him delivering the package.

While he stood there, perplexed, every possible motive except the correct one suggesting itself to his alert mind, he noticed a folded paper—like a letter—lying at his feet.

Neil started in surprise.

The letter was addressed to himself.

And the writer was his grandfather, to whom Neil was an utter stranger!

Old David Dare had quarreled with Neil's father because of the latter's marriage, and they had never become reconciled.

The old gentleman resided on a magnificent country estate a hundred miles or so from the great city, and was immensely wealthy.

The boy stared at the letter as if he could not believe the evidence of his own sight:

"My Dear Neil—I inclose a check of two hundred dollars. If you need more let me know; it will all belong to you when I am gone; there is no other way of atoning for my unkindness to your poor father. I am glad you are getting on so well with my old friends; bring the young folks home with you for a visit, by all means."

For a moment the boy was too bewildered for thought.

Some cunning impostor had assumed his name, and had succeeded in deceiving his credulous old grandfather.

"I think I will write to the old gentleman. I haven't the fondest regard for him, but I don't want him to be imposed upon in that fashion, though," the boy said to himself.

In the shadow of that dark strip of sidewalk a man had witnessed the boy's meeting with Oliver Ashton.

As Neil perused the letter in the light of the street lamp the man crept so close that he, too, could glance over the written sheet.

When Neil walked away from the street lamp, where he had stopped to read the mysterious letter, he started directly towards home, near the river front.

He had gone half the distance, when suddenly a powerful arm like a clutch of iron was thrown about him and a strong hand pressed a handkerchief, saturated with chloroform, over his nostrils.

When he regained possession of his senses at midnight, it was to find himself bound hand and foot, lying helpless in the bottom of a small, leaky boat, which was perilously adrift in the middle of the river.

At the moment the boat swung easily against some dark object looming through the fog.

The dark object was a loaded barge.

With a wild, despairing shout Neil exerted a super-human effort and forced himself into an upright attitude in the careening boat.

As he did so one of the barge's crew happened to espy him.

In an instant a dozen arms were stretched down to him, and he was drawn aboard the barge.

His cords were removed, a draught of brandy was given him, and he was left in the cabin to exchange his thoroughly drenched clothing for a suit belonging to one of the men.

By the time the change was effected the barge

was again under way, bound for a town about a hundred miles up the river.

Neil started when the name of the town was mentioned. It was within a half-hour's travel of the village where his grandfather lived.

A plan instantly suggested itself to the boy.

He would not try to be transferred to some vessel returning to the city.

Instead he would remain on the barge, and while the cargo was unloading he would have plenty of time to visit his grandfather.

After informing the old gentleman of the imposture of which the latter was the victim, he would be allowed perhaps to work his way home again on the barge.

He was still wearing the bargeman's coarse clothing when he left the riverside wharf, and started on his errand.

As he struck into the straight country road, he heard a furious clatter of hoofs behind him.

He looked back to see a light open carriage being whirled along at a furious pace by the frantic bounds of a runaway horse.

The single occupant—a gray haired, plainly dressed gentleman, was powerless to check the animal, as the reins had been wrenched from his hold and were dangling over the ground.

Not far ahead a bridge was being repaired, and people driving that way were obliged to turn aside and cross a temporary structure some rods down the stream.

In a second the intrepid boy had grasped the situation, and in a flash he had prepared himself for a heroic deed.

Bracing his muscles for a mighty spring he placed himself directly in the path of the runaway beast.

The next instant he had clutched the bits in both hands, and by the magic of his voice and the strength of his steely young muscles he had forced the animal to a stand-still.

"That was a daring act, my young friend. How am I to repay you?" the gentleman said gratefully.

"By saying nothing about it, sir."

"You seem going my way; perhaps you had rather ride than walk."

"Thank you; I should certainly."

"Are you going far?" the gentleman inquired, as Neil took the offered seat beside him.

"Only to David Dare's place; he is my grandfather."

"Indeed"

The gentleman looked interested and his kindly manner gained the boy's confidence.

And presently, almost before he knew he was doing so, Neil had told him the whole story.

The gentleman smiled, and a moment later he stopped the carriage where the road branched into the village.

"You will see me again, my boy," he said, as Neil stepped from the carriage and started toward a fine old house a little distance up the opposite branch of the road.

A few steps brought him into a stable yard. There was a large granary there with heavy doors.

As Neil surveyed the building he heard a voice from inside which startled him.

It was the voice of the villain who had sent him drugged and bound, adrift in a leaky boat.

"So I didn't finish you after all," the man said.

"On the contrary, I rather think I shall finish you," the boy said coolly.

As he spoke, he closed the heavy oak door and shot the massive iron bolt into its socket.

The boy could not suppress an ejaculation of triumph as he started for the main entrance of the house.

As he closed the stable-yard gate he noticed a lovely girl cantering down the drive.

As she turned to exchange a gay parting salute with a friend on the porch the astonished youth recognized her as the beautiful Evelyne Greer.

As he recognized the charming equestrienne he recalled his strange meeting with Oliver Ashton on the steps of her father's residence, and Oliver's singular behavior at the time.

Like an electric spark the truth flashed upon the boy's brain.

It was Oliver who had dropped the tell-tale letter. It was Oliver who had assumed his name and duped his grandfather, and very likely the prisoner in the stout oak granary had been the instigator of the whole bold scheme.

He had just reached this conclusion when he heard a clatter of hoofs on the drive and looked up to see the gray-haired gentleman whom he had saved a little while before from such imminent danger, accompanied by an officer of the law.

"Are you waiting for your grandfather, my young friend?" the gray-haired gentleman asked with a twinkling smile.

Neil answered that he had not yet presented himself, and explained why he had not done so.

"Well, you may present yourself now, my boy. I am David Dare, your grandfather; and allow me to add that I am proud of the relationship."

It is needless to say that he did not work his way back to the city on the barge.

The impostor was Oliver Ashton, as Neil had already discovered.

During the time the boys had been associated together in the delivery department of the mammoth fancy goods emporium, Oliver had learned enough of Neil's family history to personate the assumed character successfully.

Both the elegant Oliver and his accomplices were soon secure behind the bars of the county jail.

At the invitation of Neil's grandfather, the party of young people, whom Oliver had escorted from the city, remained for several days.

The lively Evelyne Greer was delighted with Neil's good fortune, and her admiration for his bravery was unbounded.

She afterward became Neil's wife.

And, of course, Neil eventually inherited old David Dare's immense property.

TRAFFIC REMEDY SEEN IN USE OF OVER-PASS

The solution for much of city traffic congestion will be found in over-passes, is the opinion of the street traffic committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce as contained in the September report of that body presented by Alvan Macauley to the directors of the association. Mr. Macauley also is a director and vice-president of the Automobile Chamber.

Successful introduction of over-passes in Pittsburgh and Chicago is cited by Mr. Macauley.

GOOD READING

ITALIAN WINE CHEAPER

In order to aid home production, the Association of Italian Hotel Men, at a recent convention in Rome, decided to cut the prices of Italian wines and liquors by 10 per cent. Incidentally, the hotel men also agreed, at the suggestion of the Government, to reduce the rates for rooms and baths by 10 per cent. This followed a similar reduction in May. Cuts in prices of food were left to individual direction.

BOBBED HAIR ARE TAXED IN MANY GERMAN TOWNS

"If women want to wear shingled hair they shall be made to pay for it," is the decision of the municipality of Wartenburg in East Prussia.

A tax of 12 marks per year has been imposed on every shingled poll. Girls up to fifteen years of age are exempt, but married women who have sacrificed their locks have to pay double tax.

Other townships are preparing to follow suit in tapping this new source of revenue. At Schoenau the tax is 20 marks per year up to twenty years of age, and 30 marks after.

POLICE SEEK JUNK MAN WHO REJUVENATED STILLS

Two stills seized by the police yesterday, punched full of holes and sold to a junk dealer, were found in full operation recently at the same address, 301 Oak Street.

The raid was made by police under the direction of Commissioner Turner. When his men returned to inspect the premises they found that the holes in the copper apparatus had been closed by some method resembling brazing. Two men were arrested at the place. None of them gave any information that would enable police to trace the ownership of the stills, and Commissioner Turner has ordered a search for the junk dealer.

MEDICAL STUDY INSTITUTE TO BE GIFT TO HEIDELBERG

An institute for medical research is planned in Heidelberg. It is intended as a branch of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society for Scientific Promotion.

Professor Ludolf Krehl, the head of the Heidelberg Clinic for International Diseases, and other prominent authorities are to co-operate in conducting the new institute, with which the existing Heidelberg laboratories for cancer and albumen research will be merged.

A temporary working fund of 780,000 marks has been appropriated by the German government, and the Kaiser Wilhelm Society has agreed to defray all running expenses, while the municipality of Heidelberg will contribute the building plot.

AMATEUR HURT IN AERIAL LEAP

Volunteering to take the place of the professional parachute jumper who failed to appear for a performance at Westbury, L. I., William Anderson, thirty-two, of Huntington Station, L. I., leaped from an airplane 1000 feet up, landed on Long Island Railroad tracks, fell and fractured

his skull and was lifted from the rails a moment before an express train whizzed by.

Anderson was watching Paul M. Boyd tune up a Standard biplane. With a large crowd of spectators he was waiting for Eugene Brundage, parachute jumper. When Brundage did not appear Anderson offered to take his place if he could make a collection in the crowd. Boyd consented.

A thousand feet up, Anderson leaped. His parachute opened perfectly, but an air current took him over the track. As he touched earth he tripped over one rail and fell, his head striking the other.

CHURCHMAN SEES REVIVAL OF EVANGELISTIC PROGRAM

Protestants in the United States are turning again to the Great Union Meeting evangelistic program, which experienced a lull in the years immediately following the World War, according to the Rev. Charles Stewart of Winona Lake, Ind., Secretary of the Interdenominational Evangelistic Association.

"Evangelism has won too great favor with the masses to be suddenly discarded," he asserted in commenting on reports from New York that the protestant evangelical churches are conducting a flight on highly paid professional evangelists.

"Visitation evangelism," which is sponsored by churchmen opposed to professional evangelists, has not produced results, Mr. Stewart said. He explained that visitation evangelism is a personal appeal based on a survey of Protestant families in a community by a special committee.

MOTORLESS AIRCRAFT IS FLOWN WITH FEATHERED WINGS LIKE BIRDS'

This little city on the east coast of Florida has been marveling since Sept. 3, when a motorless device, called an ornithopter, belonging to George R. White of Stony Brook, L. I., made a sustained flight of an eighth of a mile. The flight was made at Cocoa Beach, near Cocoa, where Mr. White has been experimenting quietly several weeks.

The ornithopter has wings covered with feathers that beat like the wings of a bird, and when the machine is in the air it looks like a giant eagle.

Secrecy has surrounded the experiments of Mr. White and two friends he brought with him from the North. Asked what made the wings of the ornithopter beat like those of birds, he replied cryptically it was simply an application of motive power. Experiments are made in the early morning before the beach crowds arrive.

Cocoa Beach was selected for them because of its length and its great width at low tide. The experiments, Mr. White said, have been satisfactory. He added he hoped so to perfect the ornithopter that before leaving Cocoa Beach he would be able to fly many miles in it. In fact, it is reported he hopes secretly to be able to fly to New York in it.

CURRENT NEWS

RIGHT-OF-WAY FOR WOMEN DRIVERS

The courtesy traffic code of Denver, Col., provides that women drivers always have the right of way. R. F. Hershey, Manager of Safety, declared that if men would give drivers the right-of-way, whether they were entitled to it or not, there would be fewer accidents and less disputing.

LOUD SPEAKERS FOR TRAFFIC TOWERS

As a means of aiding in the regulation of motor car and pedestrian traffic in Camden, N. J., the Police Department has installed loud speakers in several of the most important traffic towers, so that the voice of the police officer on duty can be heard above the din of automobile horns and street noises.

TRUCKS ARE USED IN SAVING SHEEP

The value of motor trucks in saving sheep from starvation by transporting them from drought areas to green pastures, was demonstrated during the recent dry period in Australia, the Department of Commerce at Melbourne announced recently. More than 10,000 sheep were moved 220 miles by trucks.

MEXICO BANS ALL METAL TIRED CARS

Mexico is showing us the way in modern motor car legislation. The legislative body in the Mexican capital has just passed a law prohibiting the use of metal tired vehicles on the city streets and banning the iron shod horse.

Mexico is working on an extensive road programme. This programme has developed the pride of the government and the people. Any legislation looking toward the preservation of those roads in the light of present day ideas on transportation will prove popular.

IOWA BIRDS DINE AS ANTS FILL HOMES, DARKEN SKY

Flying ants by the millions drove residents of Englewood, Iowa, frantic. The ants, apparently driven from their nests by the intense heat, were so thick that they obscured the sun. When they were descending on the homes of residents, hundreds of sparrows descended on them, and for more than an hour the birds enjoyed a feast.

The ants penetrated every home where there was an open door or window. The phenomenon was attributed to the lack of rain for the last two weeks.

POLICE RESCUE 19 ON YACHT

Frantically signaling their distress on a yacht stranded on a sand bar off Oriental Point, Manhattan Beach, nineteen persons were rescued recently by the crew of Police Launch No. 5. The yacht was pulled off the bar and the party on board safely conveyed to shore.

Rocket flares and a siren shrieking an S. O. S. revealed the distress of the *Enchantment*, a 45-foot craft which had sailed from Brighton Beach

on a cruise. The men and women on board were the guests of Captain Arthur Pierce of No. 37 Spencer Court, Brighton Beach, owner and pilot of the boat.

Returning late at night, the yacht grounded on the bar, on the ocean side of Oriental Point. Fearful that his boat might have sprung a leak, Captain Pierce at once signaled for assistance.

The rockets were seen at Sheepshead Bay and the siren was heard all along the shore. Police headquarters and the Coast Guard were notified. The Marine Division of the police dispatched a launch and the Coast Guard sent a cutter.

WHISKY DRINKING IN GERMANY JUMPS 35 PER CENT. IN A YEAR.

Consumption of schnapps in Germany, a beer-and-wine country, increased more than 35 per cent. last year, according to statistics published today. The administration of the State monopoly will, therefore, raise the number of distilling permits accordingly on Oct. 1.

Strong drink consumed in the last fiscal year amounted to 675,000 hectoliters (more than 17,800,000 gallons) or 113,000 hectoliters more than in 1925. Temperance advocates are greatly excited over the growing whisky thirst, believing that it endangers the national health.

At the same time the use of alcohol for industrial purposes also grew enormously—more than 9,000 hectoliters during the year. This fact is explained by the growth of perfumery manufacture, which was at a low ebb during the last two or three years on account of French competition.

BRITISH BROADCASTING STATION REFUSES TO HUNT LOST PETS

Missing men and women and lost babies will be sought by the British Broadcasting Company but not pussy cats and canaries.

So many hundreds of requests for aid in finding errant pets have been heaped upon the company, that a rule has been made against distress calls for animals.

Grieving owners by the score have appealed for distress calls for their Fidos and kitties. Others have wanted to go on the air for song birds, a goat, a cuckatoo, a homing pigeon, and even a rabbit.

"I think the coolest request ever made," said a radio official, "was that a woman who called us on the night of a fancy dress ball and asked us to broadcast a request for a dancing partner because her partner had fallen and twisted his knee."

"Another woman asked us to broadcast for her false teeth which she had lost."

"Perhaps the most dramatic appeal ever made was one warning a woman not to take home some pills which had been wrongly made up by a chemist and were poisonous. This was broadcast from all stations. The pills were traced before they had been taken."

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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1148 Wall Street Jones; or Trimming the Tricky Traders.

1149 Fred the Faker; or, The Success of a Young Street Merchant.

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